FRENCH
COVRT-AIRES,

With their Ditties Engliſhed,

Of foure and fiue Parts.

TOGETHER WITH THAT
OF THE LVTE.

—— Si propiùs ſtes,
Te ſapient magis, & decies repetita placebunt.

Collected, Tranſlated, Publiſhed
By ED: FILMER, *Gent:*

Dedicated to the *Queene.*

—— Gratia Regum
Pierijs tentata modis; ne forte pudori
Sit mihi Muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.

LONDON,
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Cum Priuilegio.

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TO THE QVEENE.

MADAME,

OVt of a Ciuill regard and ſpeciall care not to wrong Strangers, I haue attempted to furniſh theſe Forraine Compoſitions with a fortune equall to what they had at Home. Courtiers they were borne, (as being begot of purpoſe to ſerue in thoſe Chambers where your Maieſtie had your high Beginning) and, in that Quality, haue bee'n committed, by their firſt Publiſhers, to the Tutelarie Shadow of the moſt Crowned Branches of your thrice-Chriſtian Stemme. My wiſhes are that they may not ſuffer in their Condition by meanes of my good Opinion of them, which hath made mee Studie to make them Deniſons of mine owne Countrie. And therefore, to preſerue them in their firſt Degree and Safetie, I haue thought meet to Arme them with the Maieſticke Patronage of a Queene of their former Acquaintance, and of a fortune ſomewhat reſembling their owne; who hauing nobly Fauoured them in the time of their greateſt Securitie amongſt their Naturall and Potent friends at home, will, as is humbly hoped, reſolutely vndertake to Protect them now, in the time of Need, from the Affronts and Dangers incident to the life of Aliens, and vouchſafe them (being now as it were Naturaliz'd for her owne Subiects, and taught the Language wherein by her neareſt People ſhee is pray'd for) a more Princely meaſure of Countenance and Affection, then formerly, when ſhee could not call them hers by ſo Soueraine an intereſt. Heerein, Sacred Ladie, if it may pleaſe you, in their behalfe, to Seale with an indulgent Eye the Grant of this my firſt Court-ſute, they ſhall bee ſo farre from needing to enuie the Domeſticke Eſtate of their more incommunicable Kindred left behind them, that rather it may bee preſaged that the fame of their new happineſſe heere abroad, will awake and ſtirre vp ſome of the great Remnant of their Courtly Race to craue the Conduct of ſome ſecond and more able Guide to put them in the way for the like Outlandiſh Aduenture. This, and greater Miracles, your Grace may eaſily effect with the leaſt Muſicall Honour daigned at any time by your incomparable Voice vnto theſe your firſt-Deuoted. The moſt harmonious Rectour of the immortall Quire inſtruct and perfit your Highneſſe for the bearing of a Celeſtiall Part in the euerlaſting Hallelu-IAH. So prayeth,

Madame,

YOUR MAIESTIES

Thrice-humble, and thrice-obedient

Subiect

EDWARD FILMER.

THE PREFACE.

THough, in the higheſt times of the moſt Imperiall Citie of the World, Literature and Muſicke were counted the two Mentall Touchſtones of a Gentleman (for Wraſtling was held but a Corporall one, and therefore, by the Comicke reciting the parts fit for a Gentleman, put in the laſt place: *Fac periculum in Literis, in Muſicis, in Palæſtra*) yet ſole Scholler or Muſician, vnleſſe eleuated by Academicall Degrees, are held now but Lowe and *Illiberall* Conditions. So that a *Nihil egregiè*, or a *Nequid nimis* is that which preſerues ſuch, as are hereunto addicted, in a freedome requiſite to Gentilitie, which ought to bee Slaue neither to Booke nor Fiddle. Farre therefore from a deſire of teſtifying that my endeuours in theſe kinds haue ſoared aboue the pitch of mediocritie, I here expoſe to the vſers of my Naturall Tongue this ſmall Labour, as whereby may onely be diſcouered a Gentle *tincture* of my mind in either, but a Deep *die* in neither of the fore-named Qualities. For, touching the Muſicall part of this Booke, I haue onely exerciſed my *Indicatiue* ſtrength in the Choice and Collection of the Aires, which is not ſufficient to raiſe on a man the ſurname of Muſician: and, for the Literature or Poetrie of the Ditties, I haue no more then new-colour'd their Forme, by changing their Language, I haue not inuented the ſubiect, or Made the matter; wherein conſiſts the maine Eſſence of a Poet, as being the Worke from whence he receiues more properly his Denomination ἀπὸ τοῦ Ποιεῖν, then from the Making of a Verſe. In ſo much that hee that traceth a Chronicle ſincerely, without any fabulous mixture, may rather be called a Verſifying Hiſtorian, then a Poet; as not ſufficiently ſhaping himſelfe to the faſhion of the great and ancient Maſters of the Art, that firſt ſet-vp the name of Poet. —*Pictoribus atq; Poetis Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas*; neither of them being tied to the Patterne of Truth, but left free to the Reach of Inuention. Nor doe I here labour to ſhift-of, as ignominious, the gracefull Titles of Poet or Muſician, which Perſons farre higher then my ſelfe haue accepted-of as Ornaments to their other Merits; my purpoſe being onely to acknowledge, that my ſparing diligences and few retir'd houres employ'd theſe Wayes haue in no wiſe effected, that I may, without vanitie, either ſue-for, or admit-of theſe Names, that I vnfainedly gratulate to ſuch as haue purchaſed them with Surpaſſing Deſert. —*mediocribus eſſe Poetis Non homines, non Dij, non conceſſere columnæ.*

Now, for the Worke its ſelfe, whereunto the Muſes haue bee'n aſſiſtant with their double Skill (which the two-topp'd Mountaine they inhabit may bee thought to point-at) I meane Muſicke and Poetrie, as I confeſſe that I haue bee'n, generally, more taken with the Muſicall part then the Poeticall; ſo I acknowledge to haue tied my ſelfe more ſtrictly to the preſentation thereof (without ſwaruing from the firſt publiſh'd Copie either in flouriſh or ſubſtance) then of the Other; wherein I haue, ſometime, ſuffered as well my Fant'ſie as Reaſon to thruſt mee a little from a punctuall inſiſting in the Steps of the Originall: vpon what Motiues (or peraduenture Neceſſitie) I leaue to the likely coniectures of the judicious Comparer to find-out; hauing held it more workemanlike, vpon well-taken occaſions, by a juſtifiable varying from the Phraſe, without loſſe of the Plot and Scope of the Author, ſo to tranſlate, that the Tranſlater may be ſaid to haue ſome little ſhare in the Apparell and Dreſſe, though not in the Bodie, of the worke, then (with a Schoole-boyes reſolution) to dare to aime no further then at ſuch an interpretation, as may render the moſt exact account, that may bee, of the *Syntax* of the Originall. Indeed, where *Poems* are choſen to bee tranſlated for no other reſpect then for their owne eminent and know'n worth, it can ſauour of no leſſe then preſuming ſelfe-conceit to ſtraine, with new Flaſhes, to out-ſhine the primitiue Beames of the Originall; or to intimate a wateriſh vnſauorineſſe in the tranſlated Matter, by ſprinkling the Tranſlation with frequent Graines of the Tranſlaters peculiar Salt. But, where Lines are not ſo much turned into another Language for their owne, as for the Muſickes ſake that they belong-to and (in a manner) ſerue, I cannot abſolutely conclude, but that the Tranſlator may, without the blot of inſolence, carrie himſelfe with a Looſer regard to thoſe Pieces of his Patterne that hee ſhall judge himſelfe leaſt Obliged vnto. —*&, quæ Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquit.*

Now, becauſe tranſlated Ditties and Originals differ chiefly in this Prepoſterous Point, that, whereas the Muſicall Notes are fitted to the Originals, the Tranſlations are, contrarily, to be fitted to the Muſicall Notes, I haue bee'n forced, by this new Taske, for the more euen Accord with the Muſicke, in diuers Aires, to alter the Naturall firſt Caſt of the Verſe, and to ordaine, in the proper place of an *Iambicke* Foot, a diſſonant *Trochaicke*, as more ſutable to the nature of the Note. For this cauſe, when the moſt buſie Examiners ſhall, in ſome of the Ditties, find heere and there *Iambicke* Meeters that ſeeme to faulter in their Pace, through the vnlawfull frequencie of *Trochaicke* Motions, let them forbeare Cenſure, till they haue tried them with the Streame

of

of the Aire or Note; which, though it were blamelesly enough by the Compoſer adapted to the *French* Verſe, yet, now and then, fals out to make a Currant *Engliſh* Verſe of the ſame Numbers to runne, as it were, againſt the Biaſſe. The reaſon is, becauſe the *French* ſyllables, as well in Verſe as Proſe, are pronounced with a more Continu'd Equalitie of ſound, then ours. For that Tongue admits ſeldome of any Tones or Intentions of the Voice (by Grammarians called Accents) vnleſſe at the End of the Clauſe, or in the *penultims* of words ending in their *e fœminine*. And this their Mother-pronunciation they often apply euen to the *Latine*, and other *acquired* Tongues. From whence it is not vnlikely, that ſome of them, hauing bee'n admoniſhed by Strangers of this their Vnrulineſſe, haue not ſtucke to maintaine their *dyſproſodia* (that I may ſo call it) or immodulation of the ſeuerely gouern'd Syllables of the *Latine*: as may appeare by that *granely*-accented or rather vnaccented and indiſtinguiſh'd Piece father'd vpon them *Nos-Gàlli-non-curàmus-quàntitàtem-ſyllàbàrum*; erroneouſly thinking that way of Pronunciation to be Common to Other Tongues, which ſeemes Proper to their Owne; the Nerues of whoſe Syllables (in Singing) neither Crampe of vnnaturall *correption*, nor Racke of vnvſuall *production* can much Torture. Hence therefore it proceeds, that the *French*, when they Compoſe to a Dittie in their owne Language, being led rather by their free Fant'ſie of Aire (wherein many of them doe naturally excell) then by any Strict and Artificiall ſcanning of the Line, by which they Build, doe often, by diſproportion'd Muſicall Quantities, inuert the naturall Stroke of a Verſe, applying to the place of an *Iambicke* Foot, ſuch Modulation as Iumps rather with a *Trochay*. And this without much violence to their *Poems*, ſince the Diſorder and Confuſion of *metricall* Feet in their Verſe is as Inoffenſiue as Indiſcernible, by reaſon, as is afore-ſaid, of the Euen Pronunciation of Their Tongue: whereas Ours, more frequent and liuely in Accenting all *polyſyllables*, bewrayes preſently to the Eare, by Our beſt Meaſure, the Accent, the Contrarietie betweene the *Trochay* and the *Iambicke*. Now therefore, when the Note, fitted for a *Trochay* in *French*, lights vpon an *Iambicke* in *Engliſh*, it ſtrangely Wreſts the reluctıng Syllables from their *genuine* Pronunciation, and changes the Friendly and Equall Conſpiring, that ought to be betweene Word and Tune, into Injurious Contradiction; which vnſeemely Variance often breakes forth into ſo lowd a *Cacophonie*, that, thereby, the one ſeemes to doe no leſſe then Reuile the other. In reſpect whereof, the intent of this Booke being more to pleaſe the *Iudicious* Hearer of the Tunes, then the *Critical* Reader of the Lines, I haue choſen rather, wittingly, to tolerate a little roughneſſe in the Fluencie of ſome of the Verſes, thereby the leſſe to diſrelliſh the Muſicke, then, by an ouercurious ſtraining to pleaſe in that Part of the worke that concernes my ſelfe, neglect the better Part, the prayſe whereof I am farre from colour of pretending the leaſt Right vnto. Yet herein alſo I dare not auouch to haue bee'n ſo *anxious* an Obſeruer of the Lawes of the Note in all places, as to diſtemper the Verſe vpon euery ſlight Becke thereof, but, where I haue thought the Lightneſſe of the *diſſonancie* might the moſt eaſily bee Digeſted by Good Eares, I haue ſometimes permitted the Meeters to March forward with their moſt decent Steps, without Reſpect or Obeiſance to the Muſicall Meaſure diſcouer'd in the Face of the Note, to the end that the Poeticall Reader might find the leſſe whereat to Trip or be Offended; hauing endeauoured, in this Doubtfull and Diſtracting Caſe, to make the Worke as little Scandalous as I could, either to the Grammaticall or Muſicall Perverſer.

In concluſion; that I may not too much Diſproportion this ſmall Building, by making the Porch of Preface too Bigge to correſpond with the Little Roomes within, my moderate deſires are, that my Home-hearted vnaffectating Countrie-men, Fauourers and Practizers of Muſicke, would courteouſly entertaine this Recopilation as a Worke naturaliz'd chiefly for their ſakes; and, whereas our Tailors Shops and Dancing-ſchooles haue bee'n ſo employ'd in *French* Imitations, that our more deſeruing Maſters of Muſicke might ſometimes, for pleaſing Nouelties ſake, daigne to repaire hither for Life of Aire worthy of their more noble Arts Emulation. And, as for ſome Rouing Spirits, whoſe Tranſitorie View of *France* may haue magnified them with the Scumme onely and Froathie top of the *French* Tongue, without diuing into the ſubſtantiall Depth by a more piercing diligence therein, I am patiently prouided to heare them Counterblaſt theſe my Endeauours with this Airie Poſition: That it is impoſſible that any Words but *French* ſhould euer Become the *Looner* Aires (though they themſelues, beſides vnderſtanding them but to halues, pronounce them to a naturall *French* Eare as Miſbecomingly as euer Crude Forrainer was heard to ſing an *Engliſh* Ballet) ſuch is the aptneſſe of halfe-digeſted Noueltie to breed in the Stomackes of our yong Countrie-men a Queaſie deſpiſing of the, almoſt-matchleſſe, Abilities of their owne Language. But, becauſe I haue learn'd among People of ſound Taſts, that, *Contra Guſtos no ay que diſputar*, There is no diſputing againſt Taſts, I will abſtaine to play the ignorant Logician by attempting to raiſe Argument on a *Theme* held *Improbable*; but rather, ſomewhat to gratifie their depraued Palates, haue

annexed the *French* Ditties in the end of the Booke; by the ſame meanes teſtifying, to the skilfull in both Tongues, my integritie (as farre as is formerly profeſſed) in their Tranſlations. Hauing hazarded to breake the yce to abler pennes, whoſe happier faculrie in this kind may hereafter incite them, with ſome more rich *Engliſh* lining of other *French* pieces of this Muſicall ſtuffe, to venture for and winne the applauſe of my indegenerating Countriemen. Whoſe preſent acceptance of the homely threed here prepared to meaſure theſe firſt withall, ſhall fortifie mee againſt the future aſſaults of repentance.

E. F.

To the Muſicall Vſer of this Booke.

NOte that the vſuall Engliſh *meaſure of Songs (which is commonly by* Sembriefs *or* Minoms*) cannot be applyed to diuerſe of the* French *Aires. Where therefore you ſhall find an odde* Crotchet *in the Aire, meaſure the whole Aire by* Crotchets*; and, where an odde* Minom*, by* Minoms*. Note alſo that the* Tablature *to each Aire hath not bee'n ſet by the Author of the Aire, but ſome of them by* Gabriel Bataille*, a* French-man *likewiſe. I haue therefore put his name to thoſe Lute-parts that were not Compoſed by the Authors themſealues of the Aires, to the intent that each man may bee duely reputed-of according to his Deſeruing. The ſingle Letter before the beginning of the Lute-part giues the Tune that the ſinging Part, which is ouer it, begins-in. In thoſe Aires, whoſe ſtraines are to be ſung twice ouer, you ſhall find the ending Note to bee twice ſet downe. Obſerue therefore that if, in this caſe, the firſt ſtraine be to be repeated, you ſing, the firſt time, the firſt of theſe Notes onely; and, the ſecond, the ſecond onely; but, in the repetition of the laſt ſtraine, you muſt, contrarily, ſing the laſt Note (that ſtands without the barre) firſt, and that, which ſtands within the barre with the marke of Concluſion ouer the head, laſt. Other things (as namely the change of Time ſhew'n by Arithmeticall figures, or whatſoeuer elſe may ſeeme new) I ſuppoſe that ſuch, as haue attained but to a mediocritie of Skill in Muſicke, will, of themſealues, quickly conceiue.*

To my worthy Friend, Maſter *Edward Filmer*, on his Worke publiſhed.

WHat charming Peales are theſe,
That, while they bind the ſenſes, doe ſo pleaſe?
They are the Mariage-rites
Of two, the choiceſt Paire of Mans delights,
Muſique and *Poeſie:*
French Aire and *Engliſh* Verſe here Wedded lie,
Who did this Knot compoſe,
Againe hath brought the *Lillie* to the *Roſe*;
And, with their Chained dance,
Recelebrates the ioyfull Match with *France*.
They are a Schoole to win
The faire *French* Daughter to learne *Engliſh* in;
And, graced with her ſong,
To make the Language ſweet vpon her tongue.

Ben: Jonſon.

A PANEGYRIC:

Sung by the Sunne, *in a Masque of the Prince of* Condies, *to the now* French *Queene-Mother, at that time Regent.*

Adorable Princesse.

Right Abstract of vs sea—uen Wandring Torches of

Hea—uen! Earths most a—dored Shrine! 'Tis time I leaue skie— run-ning, And quit

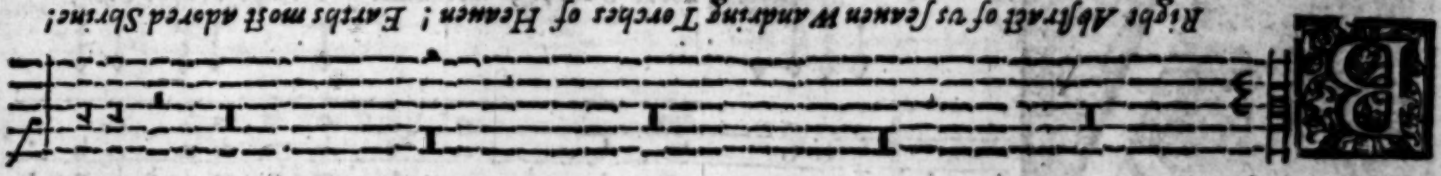
my Coach and cun-ning, To giue thee way to shine.

Gabriel Bataille.

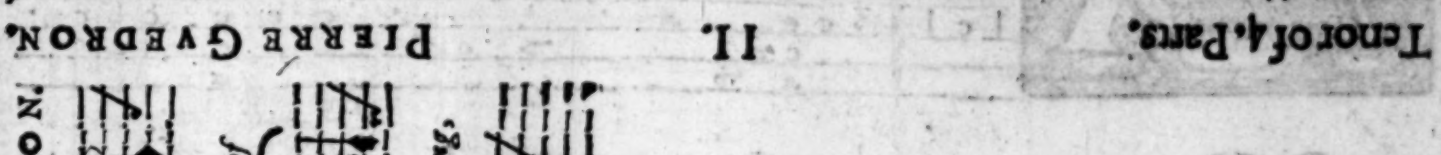
Thou, vnmatch'd Beauties *Treasure!*
Whereby Nature *doth measure*
Of her strain'd skill the hight;
I thinke thee much beguiled,
That I the Sunne *am stiled,*
Since first I saw thy Light.
Thine Eye, mounting aboue mee,
Doth so clearely reproue mee,
Whilest I my high course keepe,
That, when Thetis *last rock'd mee,*
I wish that shee had lock'd mee
Up with eternall sleepe.
Though my course, no where ending,
'Bout Earths *whole Globe runne bending*
To gild the Ball with Ray,
It sees no Weales but wunder
At France *so happie vnder*
Thy Scepters painefull sway.
Thy Counsels and thy Watches
Haue, by so strange Dispatches,
Her mischiefes beaten-downe,
That Angels *Compositions,*
Sung by themselues Musitions,
Must publish thy Renowne.
Onely thy Prudence charmed
Kings, vnto Battell armed,
'Till their hands dropp'd their swords:

And now each wild mouth, tamed
And to thy bridle framed,
Praise to thy Lawes affords.
Thou hast shew'n the Now-liuers,
That the two iarring Riuers,
Seine *and* Tage *can bee friends;*
And mak'st Bellona *grumble*
To see her Demons *tumble*
In chaines with Hellish Fiends.
Flatt'ries best Common-places
Can not of Maries *graces*
The least augmenting make:
To reach her estimation
All humane speculation
In vaine doth vndertake.
Powres! *in whose high assistance*
France *assures her resistance*
Against all future harme;
Neuer, of any creature,
Did you so faire a Feature
With so much Wisedome arme.
May your Fates *hinder'd paces*
Grant, that old Times *long races,*
Which make each thing decline,
From face so perfect, neuer
May that sweete vantage seuer
It now holds aboue mine.

Tenor of 4. Parts. II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Right Abstract of vs seauen Wandring Torches of Heauen! Earths most adored Shrine!

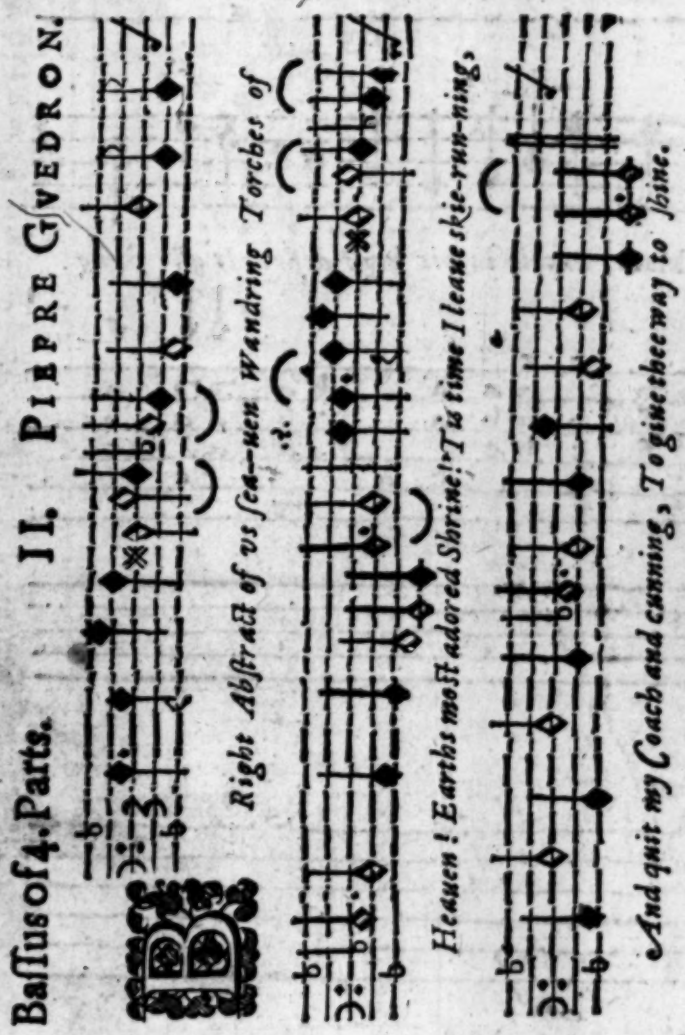


'Tis time I leaue skie-running, And quit my Coach and cunning, To giue thee way to shine.

Thou, vnmatch'd Beauties *Treasure!*
Whereby Nature *doth measure*
Of her strain'd skill the hight;
I thinke thee much beguiled,
That I the Sunne *am stiled,*
Since first I saw thy Light.

Thine Eye, mounting aboue mee,
Doth so clearely reproue mee,
Whilest I my high course keepe,
That, when Thetis *last rock'd mee,*
I wish that shee had lock'd mee
Up with eternall sleepe. &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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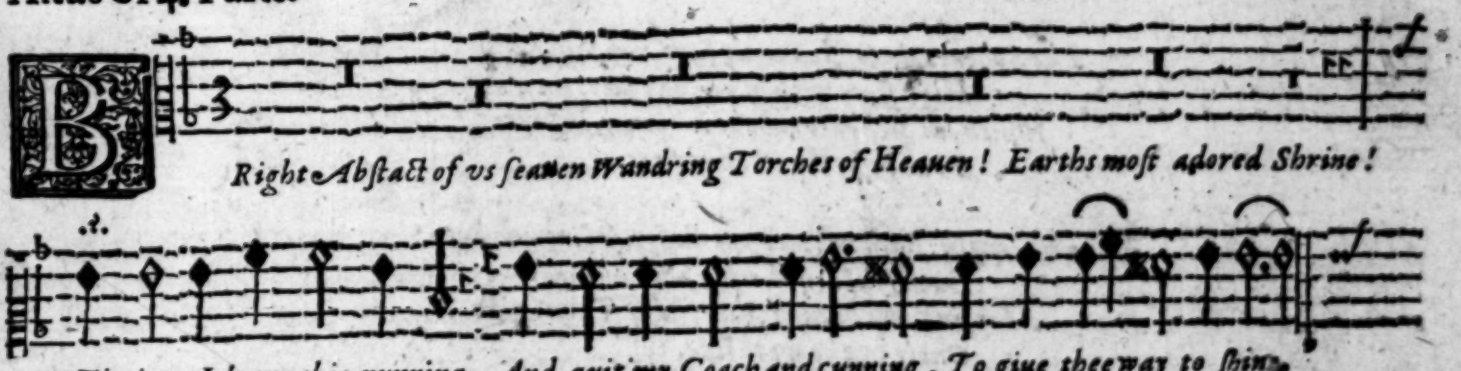
Altus of 4. Parts: II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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I wish that shee had lock'd mee
Up with eternall sleepe. &c.

To Anne *the* French *Queene, new come from* Spaine, *at her first meeting with the King her husband: and appliable to our Sacred* MARIE, *at his Maiesties first sight of her at* DOVER.

n fin, la
ryci.

T length, heere Shee is; wee haue got those bright Eies;

More shines now our Earth then the Skies: And our Mars, *happie in his high desire, Is all flame*

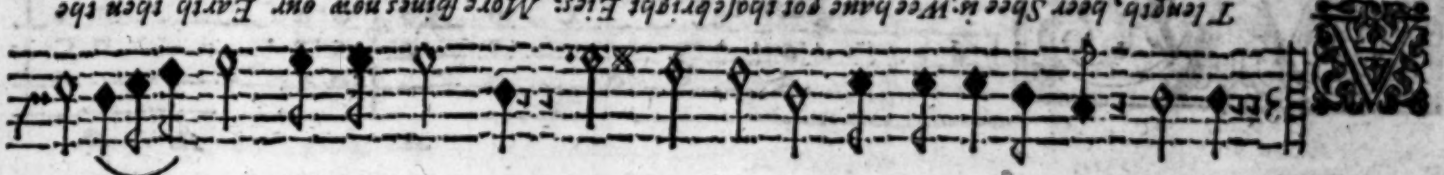
by this fire.

Pierre Guedron.

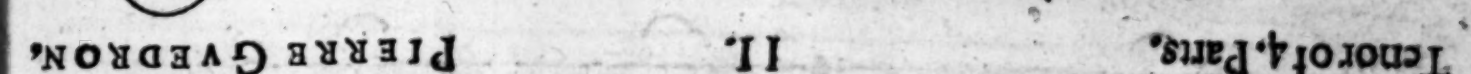
The Spheres, in so Heauenly face, neuer fix'd
High state with so meeke graces mix'd;
Which, in all hearts about it round, inspires
True respect and chast fires.

At length, Both are met; our designes Crowned are;
Each soule in the Ioy hath a share:
May, in both *breasts, this Isle of* Vnion *giue*
Onely one *heart to liue.*

Tenor of 4. Parts. II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Length, heere Shee is; wee haue got those bright Eies; More shines now our Earth then the

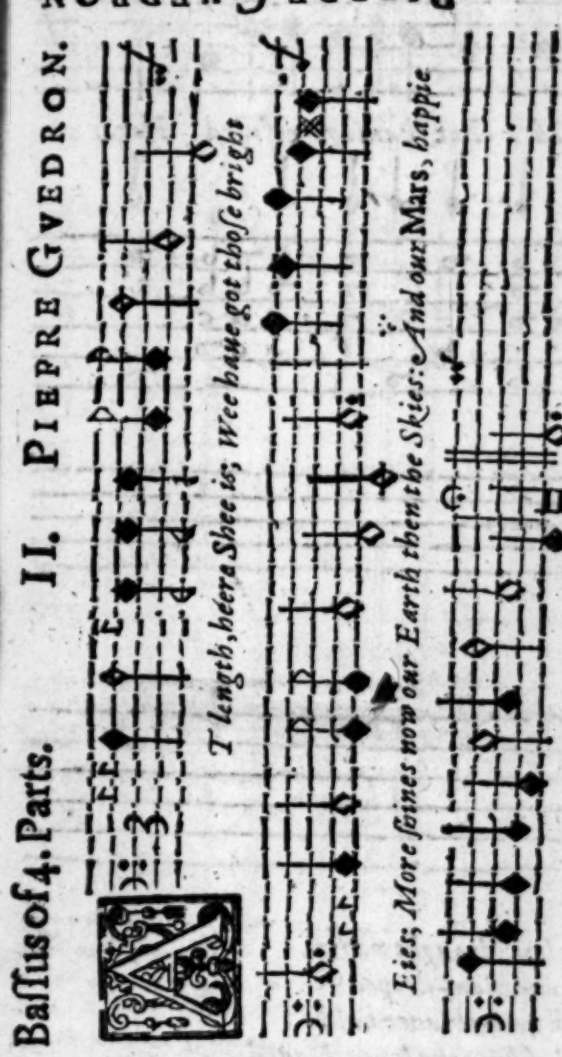


Sies: And our Mars, *happie in his high desire, Is all flame by this fire.*

The Spheres, in so Heauenly face, neuer fix'd
High state with so meeke graces mix'd;
Which, in all hearts about it round, inspires
True respect and chast fires.

At length, Both are met; our desines Crowned are;
Each soule in the Ioy hath a share:
May, in both *breasts, this Isle of* Vnion *giue*
Onely one *heart to liue.*

Bassus of 4. Parts. II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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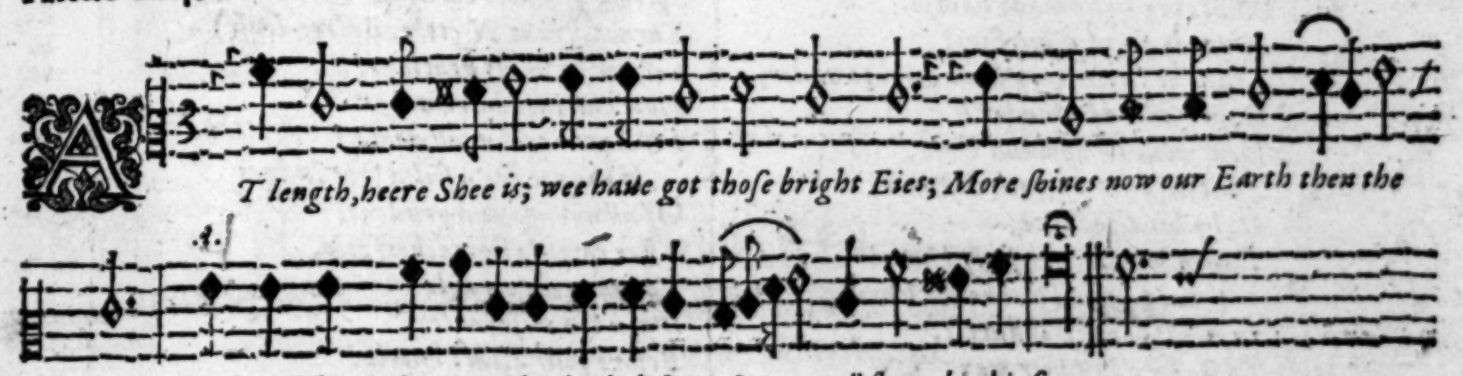
Altus of 4. Parts. II. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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May, in both *breasts, this Isle of* Vnion *giue*
Onely one *heart to liue.*

Que n'eſtes vous laſsées.

Hy haue my Thoughts conſpi—-red, Neuer to bee tired,

With doing Reaſon wrong? Making my Soule ac--cu--ſed, For haning refuſed Her

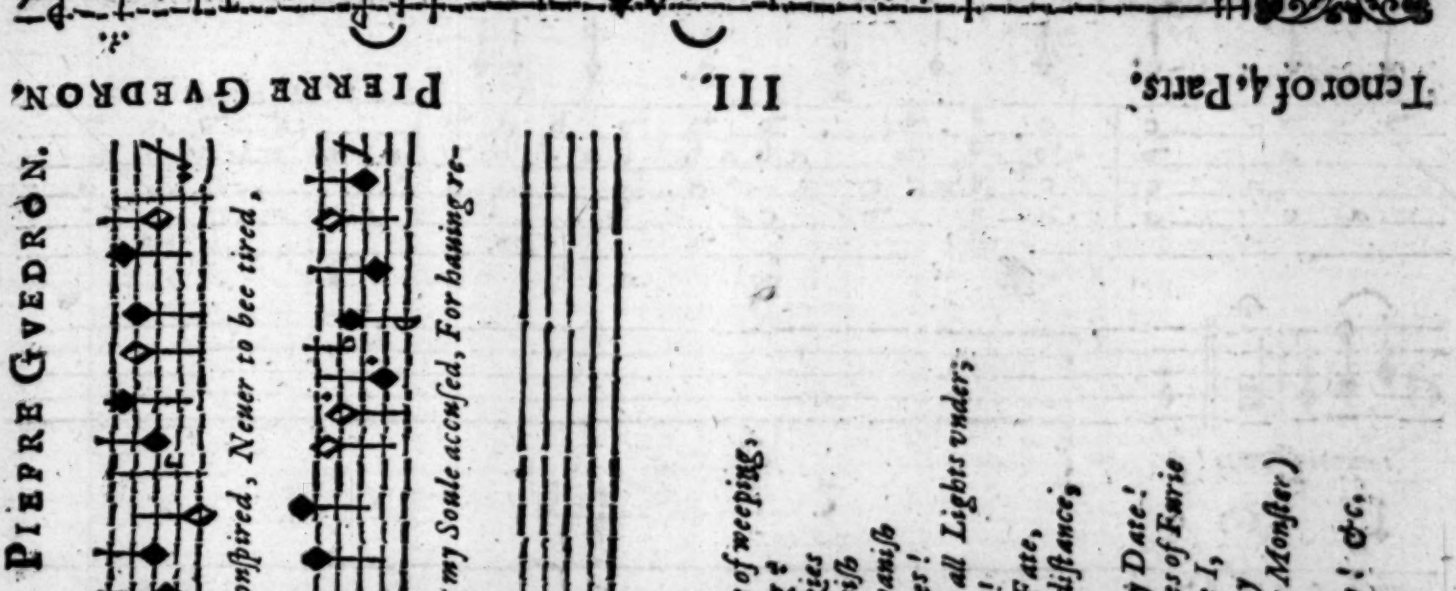
an-ti-dote ſo long.

Gabriel Bataille.

Why, by vaine force of weeping,
Am I kept from ſleeping?
Why ordaine not the Skies
Out of my Mind to baniſh
What they haue made vaniſh
Already from mine Eies?
Light! that keep'ſt all Lights vnder;
Deare adored Wunder!
How would I applaud Fate,
That deludes vs with diſtance,
If, by his aſſiſtance,
Death would cut-of my Date!
What poiſon'd ſtabbes of Furie
In ſwell'd breaſt endure I,
To ſee how Danger ty
(Renting thy youth like Monſter)
*Thine aſhes * miſconſter*
In vrne of forraine clay!
I bind my ſelfe from ſpeaking,
Though my heart lie breaking
In conflict with this Hell:
But thus I ſure augment it,
Becauſe not to vent it
Makes the fire more rebell.
My bones of fleſh are ſtripped,
And violets, nipped
With an vntimely cold,
Or with a long drought wiped,
Of my skinne blew-ſtriped
Doe much reſemblance hold
Gods! (ſince the longeſt-aged
Spleene of Fates enraged
Turnes, from Nettle, Balme-leafe)
After ſo many beatings,
How can inſt entreatings
Find your tribunall deafe?
Haue yee bee'n ſtil'd free Iudges
Of all wrongs and grudges,
That earthly ſtomackes feele,
To proue inexorable
When the miſerable
Before your altars kneele?
I would not ſhew the glorie
Of my warlike ſtorie
To the low Hemiſpheare;
Nor, from the deepe deſcending
Of the Worlds ſteepe ending,
More Lawrels fetch to weare.
Two ſweete Eies are my wiſhes;
Feaſts, without theſe diſhes,
Reliſh of nought but rue:
Do but, yer Famine end mee,
This Ambroſia *ſend mee,*
I am a God like you.

*Perperàm vel indignè conſtruere.

Tenor of 4. Parts. III. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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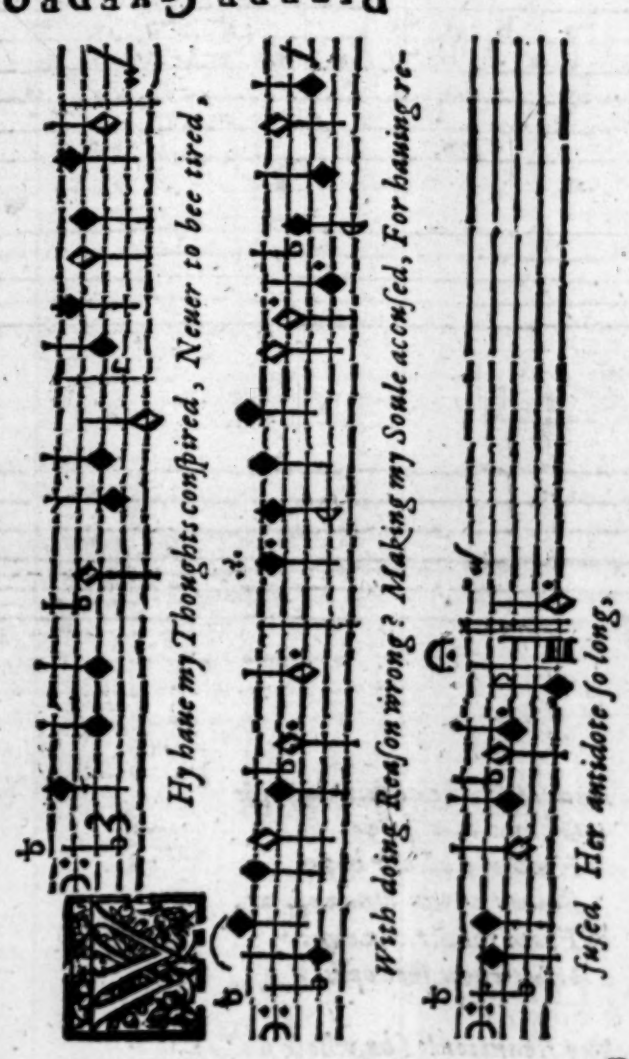
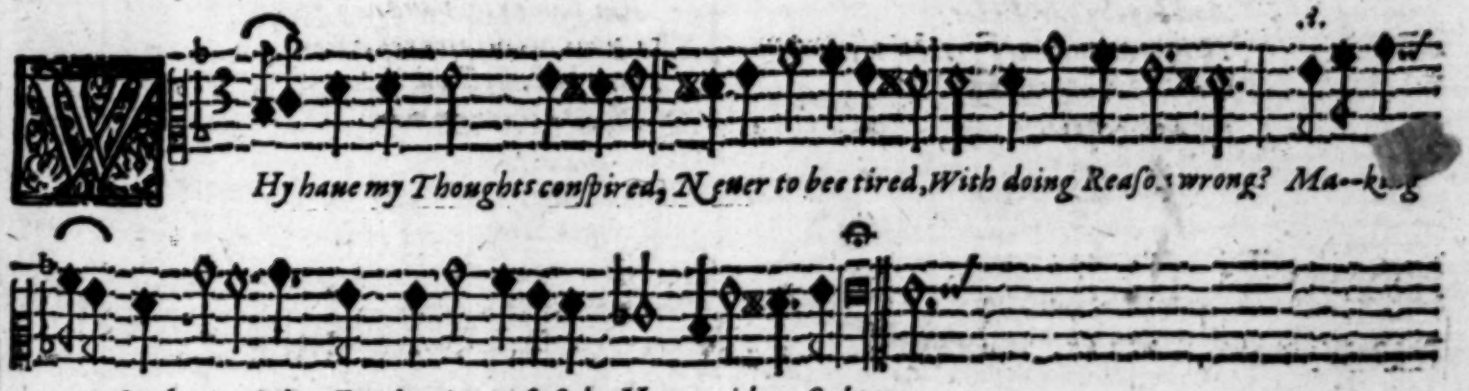
Am I kept from sleeping?
Why ordaine not the Skies
Out of my Mind to banish
What they haue made vanish
Already from mine Eies?
Light! that keep'st all Lights vnder;
Deare adored Wunder!
How would I applend Fate,
That deludes vs with distance,
If, by his assistance,
Death would cut-of my Date!
What poison'd stabbes of Furie
In swell'd breast endure I,
To see how Danger may
(Renting thy youth like Monster)
Thine ashes misconster
In vrne of forraine clay! &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. III. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Altus of 4. Parts: III. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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Thine ashes misconster
In vrne of forraine clay! &c.

grands
eux, que
charmes!

O ! What muſter of glances (Cupids troope of Lances!) What

fires! and what darts! darts. O! What ſpark-ling dreſ——ſes! What catching treſſes! What

tempting arts!

Gabriel Bataille

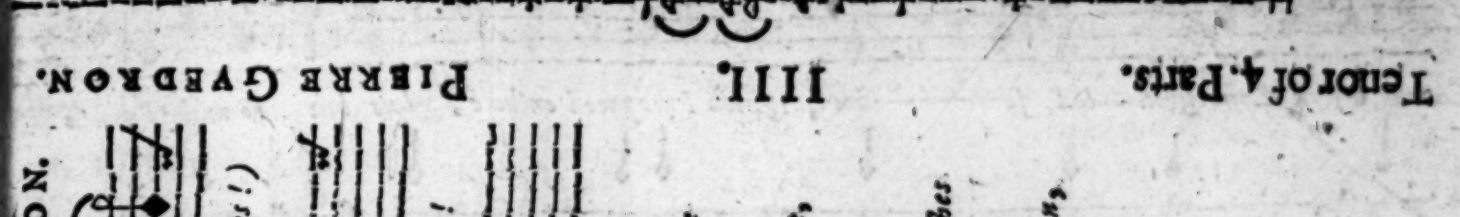
In this Maze, to conduct vs,
The Skie doth inſtruct vs
With direct line light:
And two chiefe Sunnes faces
Our troubled paces
Diſpoſe aright.

The time now doth require vs
From hence to retire vs,
And lay-by our Lutes:
Night, made day by watches,
With Louers matches
Vnkindly ſutes.

And, loe! the admir'd glorie
Of our ages ſtorie,
Nurſe of all our hopes,
Shines, to our amazement,
From yonder cazement,
Which now ſhee opes.

Yee Beauties! (by whoſe flaſhes
No ſoules burne to aſhes,
But flame night and day)
Grace, with faire reflection,
Our beſt affection
Shew'n this new way.

Tenor of 4. Parts. IIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

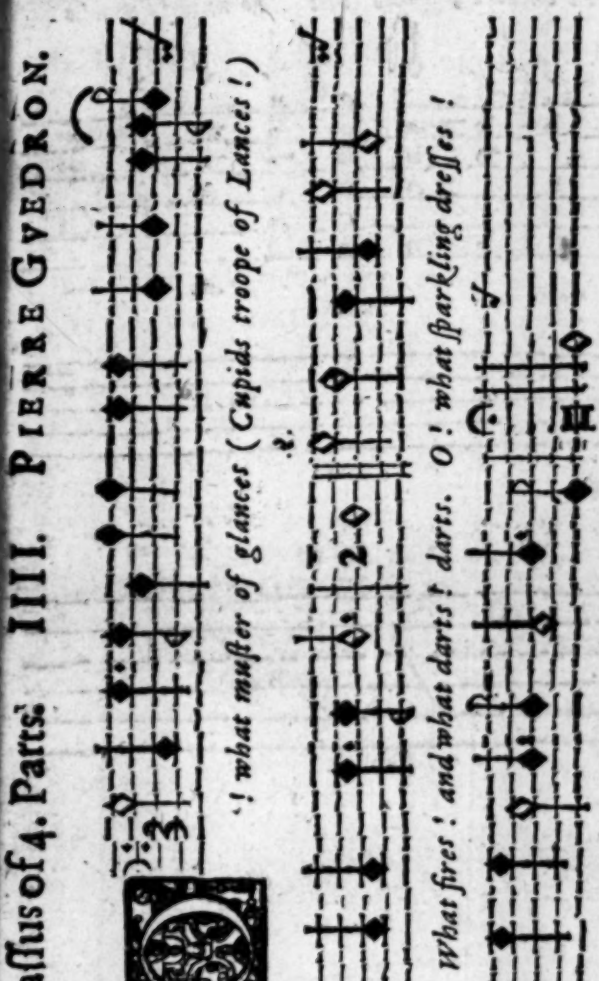


O ! what musters, &c. O ! what musters of glances (Cupids troope of Lances !) what fires ! and what darts ! O ! what sparkling dresses ! What catching tresses ! What tempting arts !

In this Maze, to conduct vs,
The Skie doth instruct vs
With direct line light:
And two chiefe Sunnes faces
Our troubled paces
Dispose aright.

The time now doth require vs
From hence to retire vs,
And lay-by our Lutes:
Night, made day by watches,
With Louers matches
Vnkindly sutes. &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. IIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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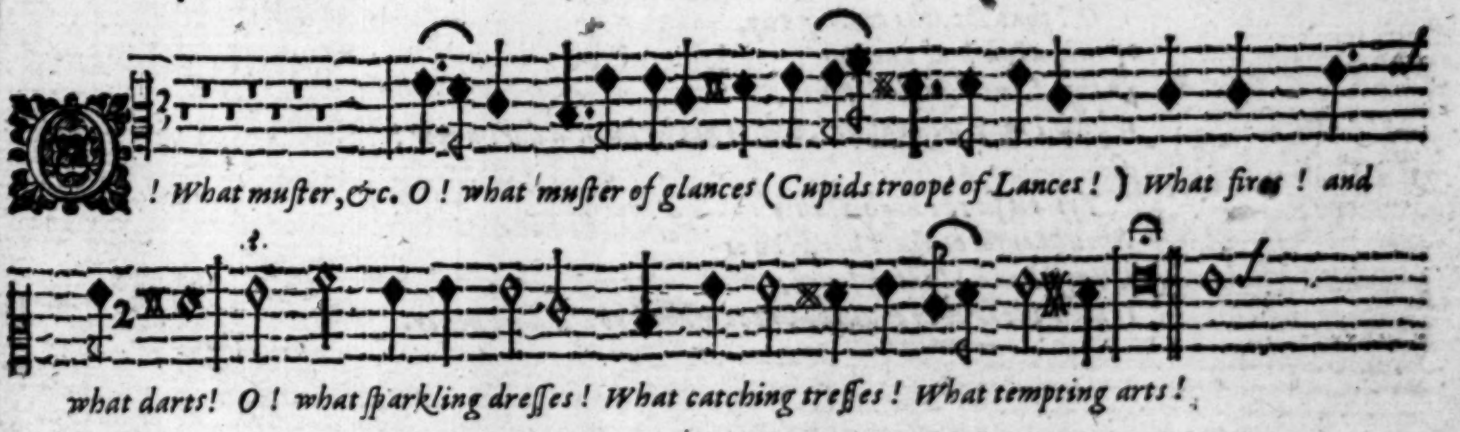
Altus of 4. Parts. IIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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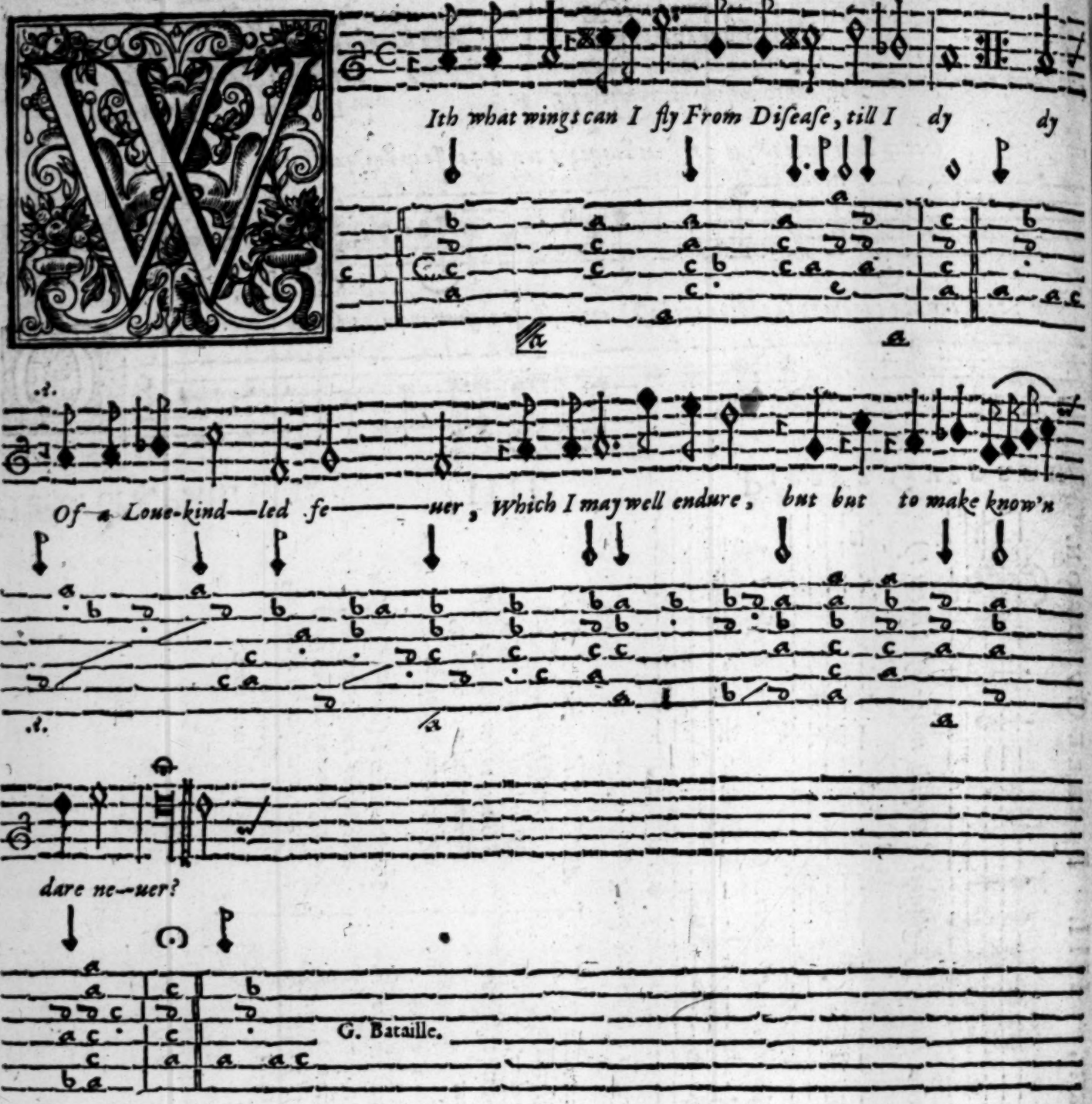
Vnkindly sutes. &c.

Quel eſpoir de guarir.



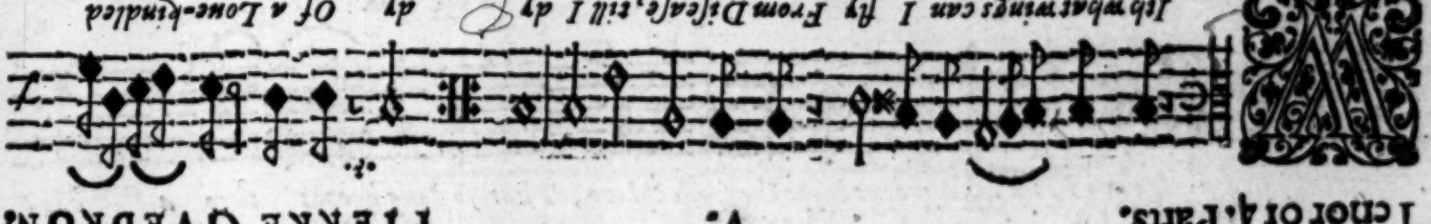
G. Bataille.

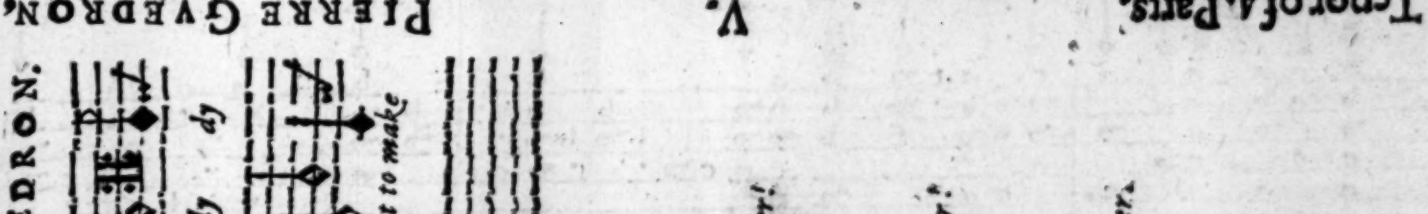
What a Hell 'tis to burſt,
And not tell how I thurſt
In this Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I may well endure, but to make know'n dare neuer!

O! that Deaths cooling cup,
Would allow mee one ſup
In this Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I may well endure, but to make know'n dare neuer!

Yet 'tis fit the high Cauſe
Should enforce theſe hard lawes
On my Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I learne to endure, but to make know'n dare neuer.

Tenor of 4. Parts. V. PIERRE GVEDRON.

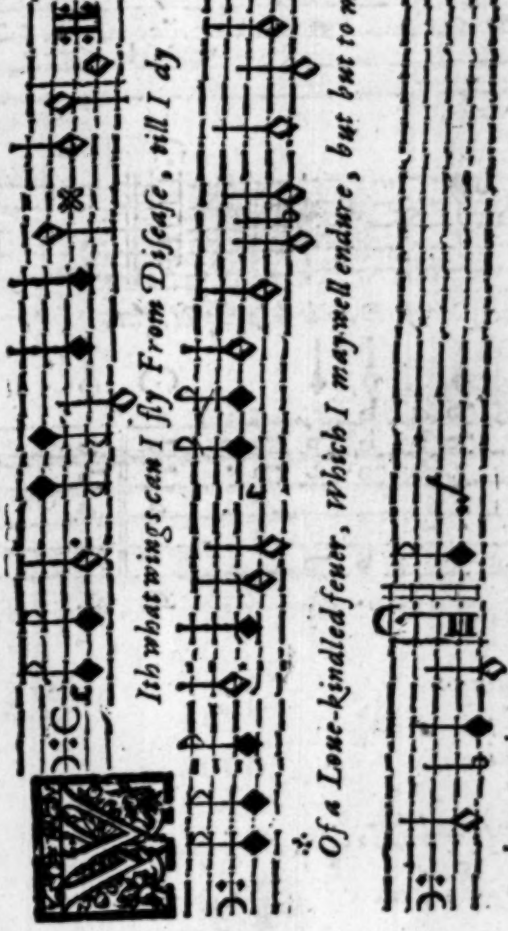




What a Hell 'tis to burst,
And not tell how I thurst
In this Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I may well endure, but to make know'n dare
(neuer!
O! that Deaths cooling cup
Would allow mee one sup

In this Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I may well endure, but to make know'n dare neuer!
Yet 'tis fit the high Cause
Should enforce these hard lawes
On my Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I learne to endure, but to make know'n dare neuer.

Bassus of 4. Parts. V. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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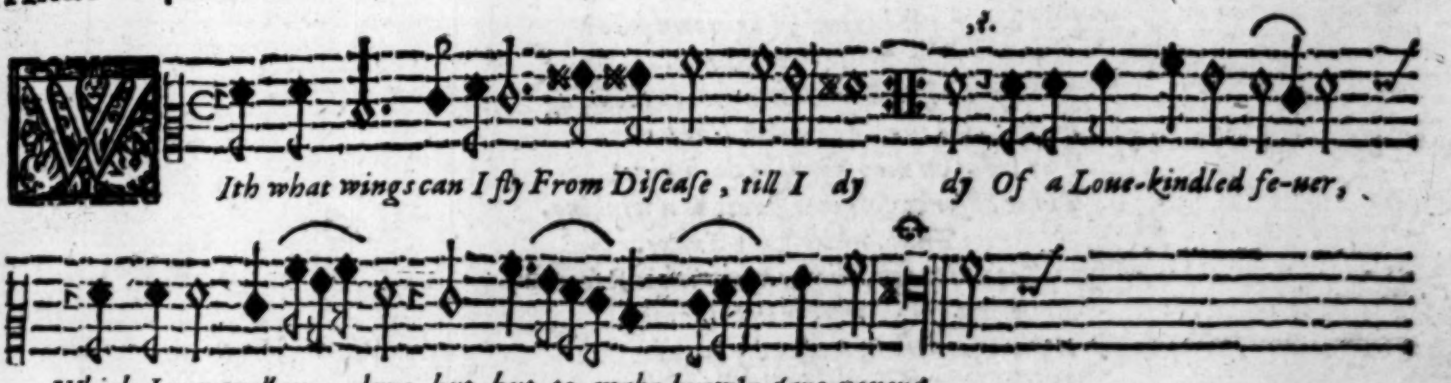
Altus of 4. Parts: V. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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On my Loue-kindled feuer,
Which I learne to endure, but to make know'n dare neuer.

Où luis-tu, Soleil de mon ame?

What Spell holds thee, my Sunne, from rising? What halfe-sphere

takes-vp thy whole race? Is Thetis *greene lappe the fresh place, That so long keepes thee a bap-*

tizing? Now that my Sunne daignes mee no light, To mee faireſt Day is blacke Night.

Ga. Ba.

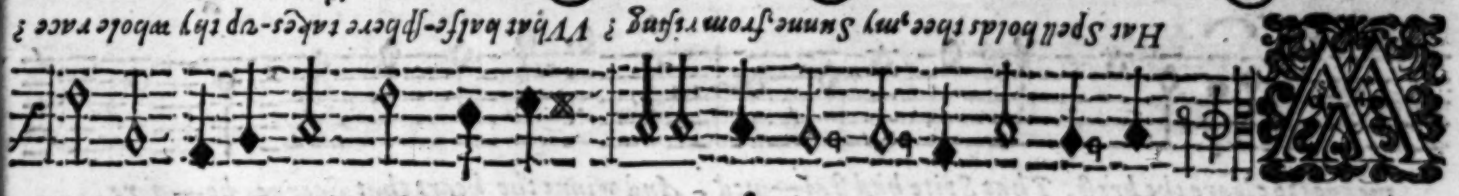
Saue thy fires from their vtter quenching:
Rowse, from Neptunes *pillowes, thy head:*
My flame muſt Out, if thine proue dead
By combate with ſo long a drenching.
Now, that my Sunne daignes mee no light,
To mee faireſt Day is blacke Night.

Who, but I, can cleare this darke Riddle?
Eies (though not blind) groping at Noone;
Which, let the Sunne riſe nere ſo ſoone,
Can neuer get beyond Nights middle?
For, whileſt my Sunne.

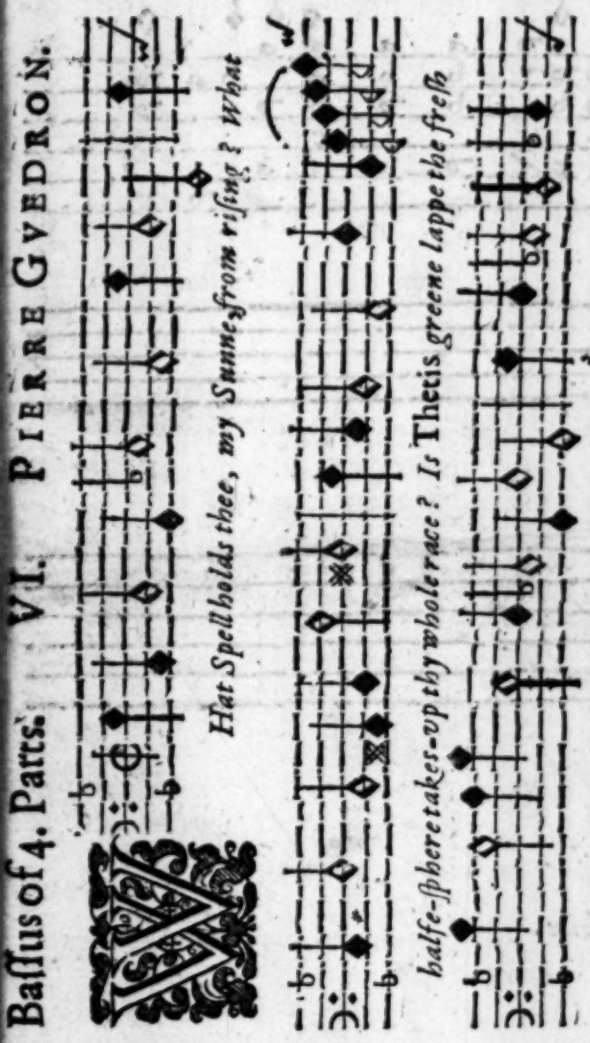
Thy effects haue draw'n mee to thinking
How I, like the Marigold, liue!
Thy looke on mee my ſight doth giue;
Thine abſence ſets mee ſtraight a winking.
Thus, whileſt my Sunne.

Yet at length, cheere mee with a Morrow;
Bringing glad Sommer in thine eie:
Winter, till then, makes my Ioy die
With froſts of Feare in ſhades of Sorrow.
Now, that my Sunne daignes mee no light,
To mee faireſt Day is blacke Night.

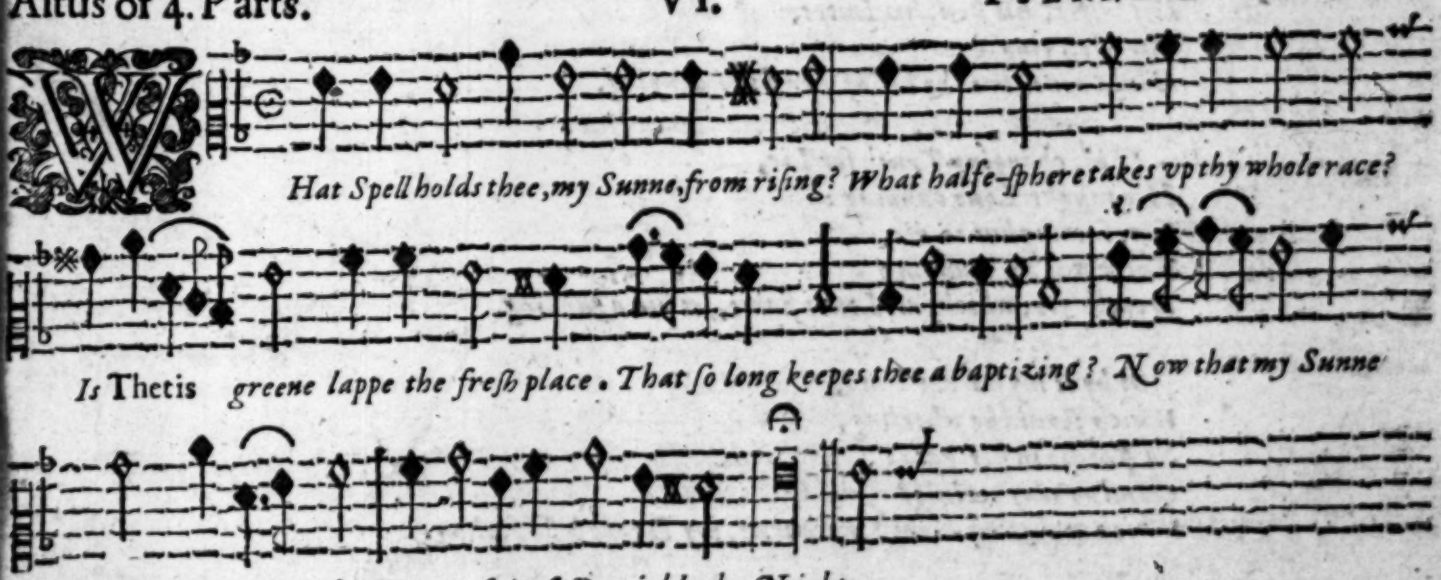
Tenor of 4. Parts. VI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Bassus of 4. Parts. VI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Altus of 4. Parts. VI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Qu' Aminte
fut heureux!

Ow was Amyn-tas *bleſt, Whoſe death, but fained, Was*

meanes to cleare the breſt, That Spite had ſtai—ned, And winne the heart that Scorne be—fore

held gai——ned!

G. Bataille.

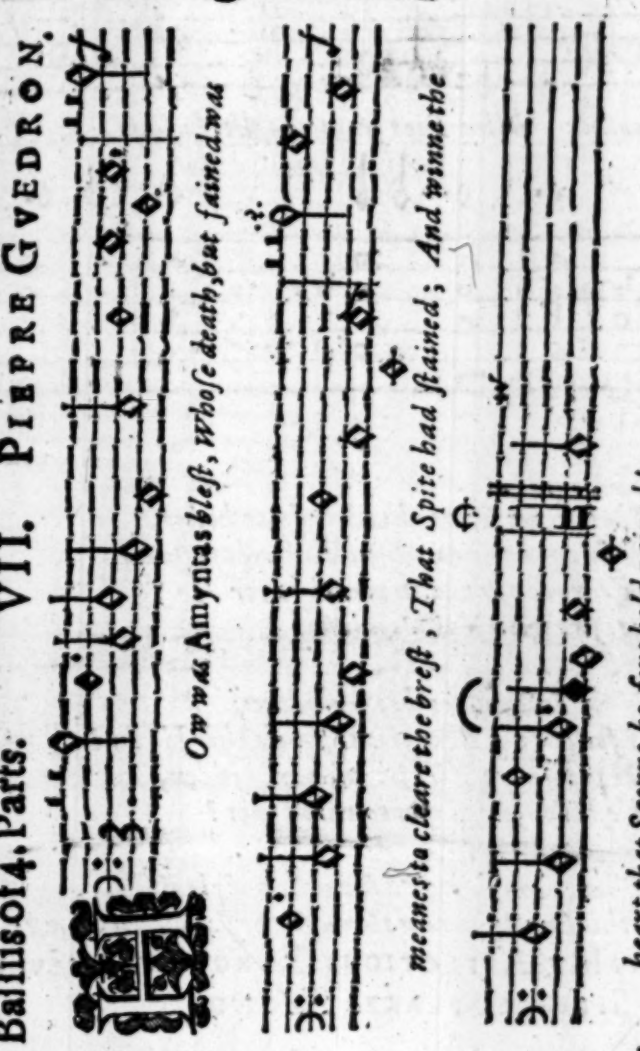
Oft, to the graues cold brinke,
His ſighes had blow'n him;
Whileſt teares, his fruitleſſe drinke,
Had ouerflow'n him:
Yet Syluia, *for his Paines, would neuer owne him.*

His Loue, his Truth, his Sutes,
His earneſt Plying,
His Gifts, his Pen, his Lutes,
His Deifying
Could neuer breake her of her ſtiffe denying,

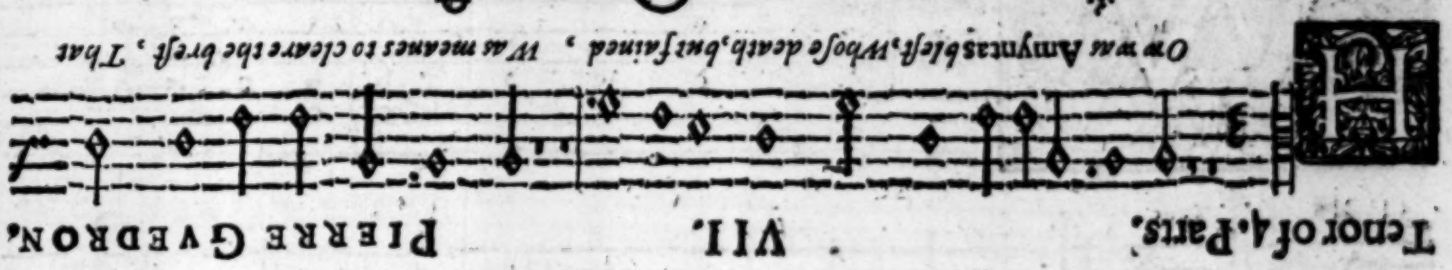
'Till, changing Truth for Lie,
Hee taught Loue cunning:
For, fayning but to die,
There was no ſhunning
Deaths yce, which, at Loues flame, ſet her a ſunning.

Why is my harder Fate,
Which ſhould be wheeling,
So ſteddie in his gate?
And no way reeling?
Which makes my Death more true, my Deare leſſe feeling.

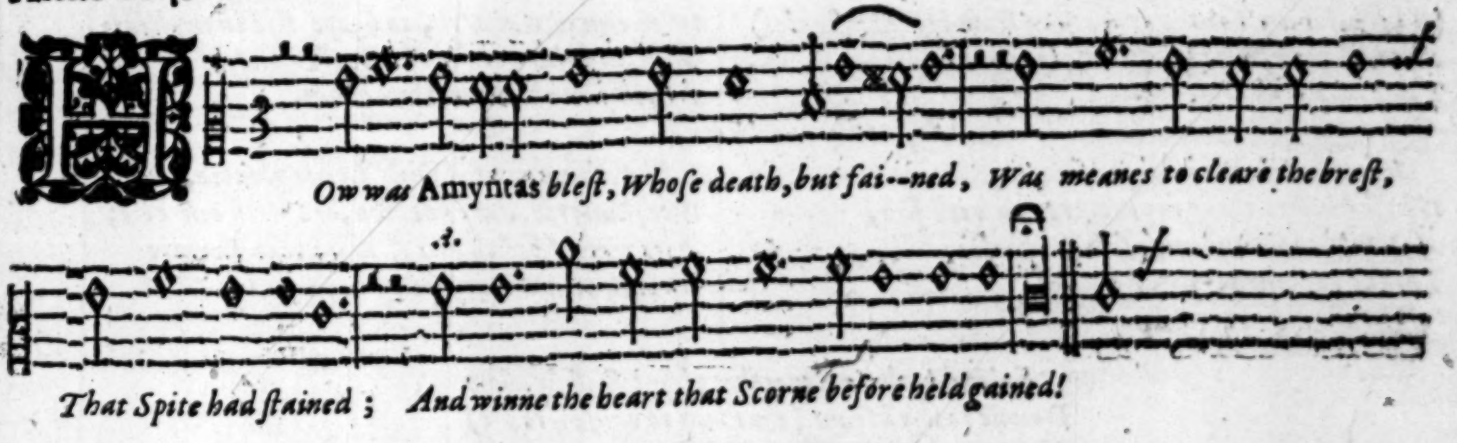
Bassus of 4. Parts. VII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Tenor of 4. Parts. VII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Altus of 4. Parts. VII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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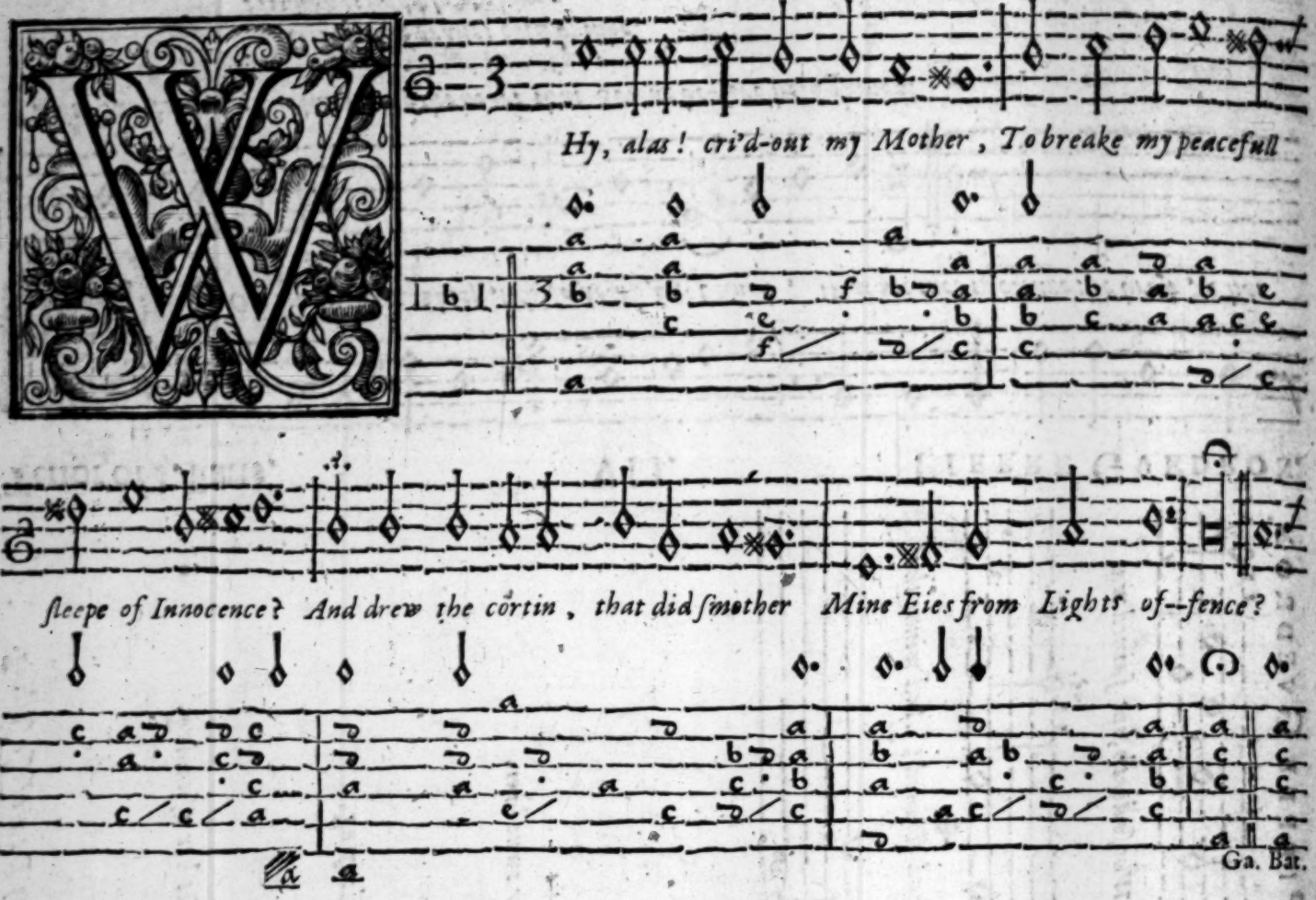
His sighes had blow'n him;
Whilest teares, his fruitlesse drinke,
Had ouerflow'n him:
Yet Syluia, *for his Paines, would neuer owne him. &c.*

COMPLAINTE.

Las! pourquoy ne suis-je nee.



Since 'twas Light begate the Burning
Whereof mine Eies, now great, in labour are:
But Fire, i'th' birth, to Water turning,
Is prodigie of warre.

Thus, whileſt teares not cure but threaten,
Loues painefull growth, now at the fatall hight,
From Hopes barre, after long plea, beaten,
Appeales to Death for right.

For ſuſpicious Enuies canker
So poiſons the red fountaine of my vaines,
That all my bloud is turned ranker,
Then that which Vlcer ſtaines.

You! rich markes of Natures fauour,
(Which for my Youths grace, ſhee from Heauen ſteales)
Shall all your ſweets but ſerue to ſauour
Time and Diſeaſes meales?

What auaile my bankes of Roſes,
Whoſe bluſhes make my Wooers red with fire,
If, forc'd to wound with ſharpe oppoſes,
I proue to them all-Bry'r?

Though my Thoughts delight to houer,
With ſindged wings, about Philanders *flame,*
Yet Feare conſtraineth mee to couer
Loues fire with Veſta's *name.*

If my Triumphes bee forbidden,
Why fought my Beauties to ſubdue his Heart?
What praiſe get Eies for valour, hidden,
Whileſt Tongue playes cowards part?

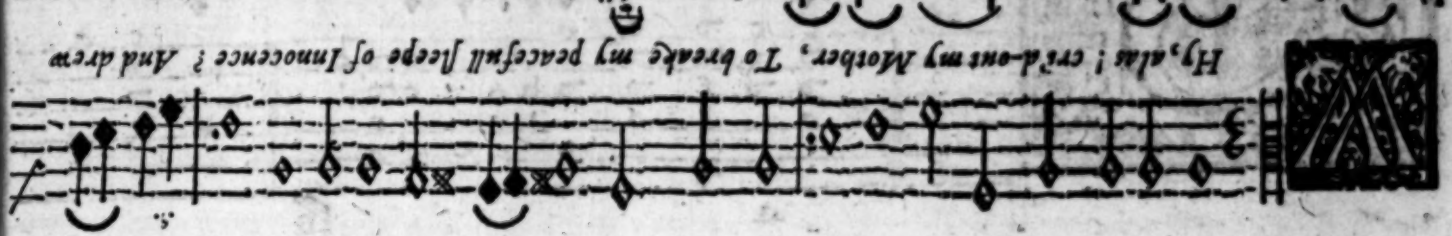
Thus, though wall'd from Sea of pleaſure,
Yet this ſmall Current through the ſluce doth crowd;
That MY AFFECTIONS TONGVED MEASVRE
IN SILENCE SPEAKES ALOWD.

Hence it is, that hee delighteth,
With equall warm'th, to keepe life in my heat:
And, in gold-weight of loue, requiteth
Much faith with troth as great.

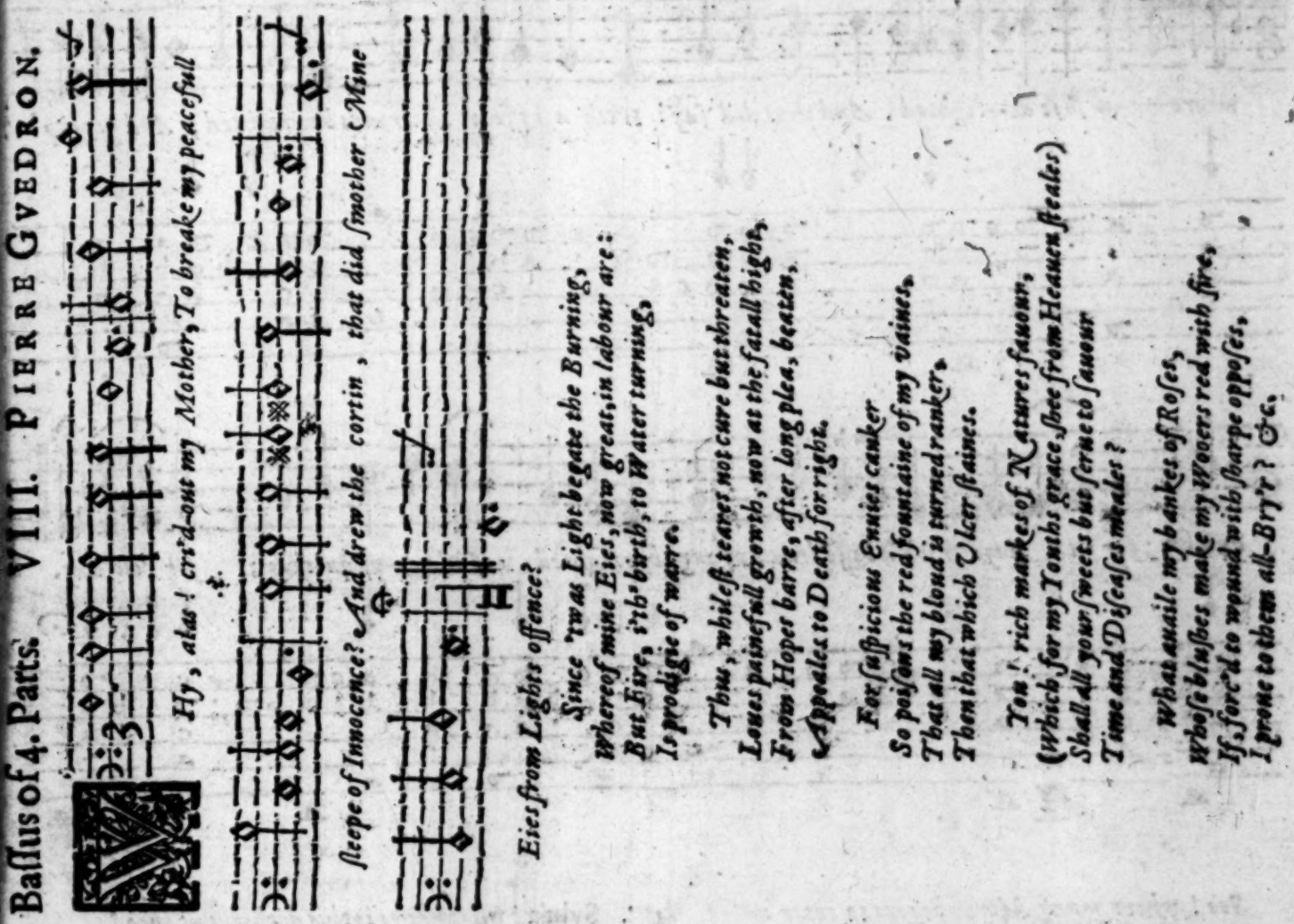
Yet, thus tempted with Loues plentie,
Wee, hungrie, dare not feed, but with our eies;
Eies watch'd with eies of more then twentie
Sworne centuries of ſpies.

Friend! whoſe Eares this plaint ſhall ſwallow
Downe to thy Heart (that way to cauſe a teare)
If thou looke pale to ſee mee ſallow,
Vpbraid not Loue but Feare.

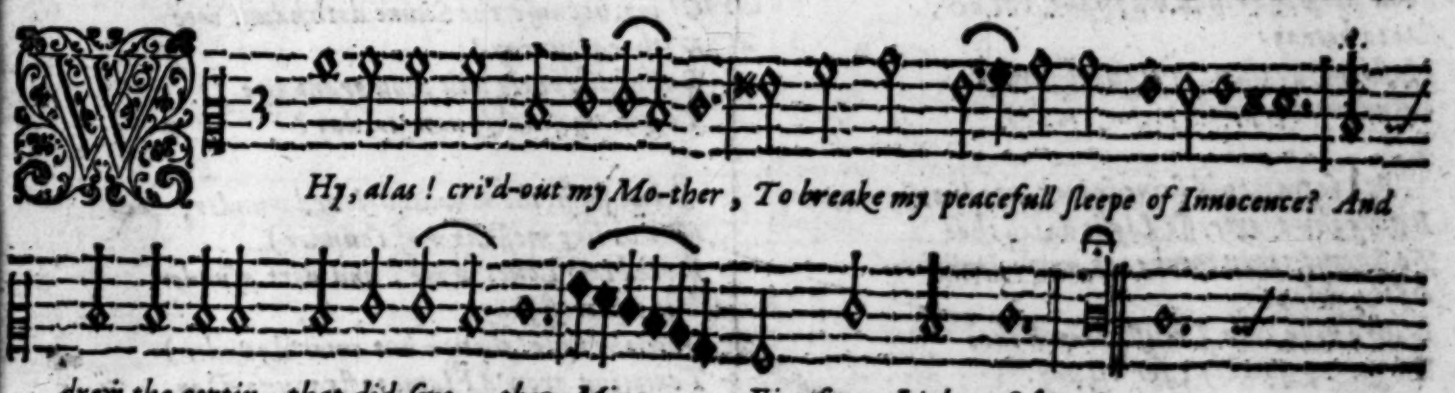
Tenor of 4. Parts. VIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Basſus of 4. Parts. VIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Altus of 4. Parts. VIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Since 'twas Light begate the Burning,
Whereof mine Eies, now great, in labour are:
But Fire, i'th' birth, to Water turning,
Is prodigie of warre.

Thus, whilest teares not cure but threaten,
Loues painefull growth, now at the fatall hight,
From Hopes barre, after long plea, beaten,
Appeales to Death for right. &c.

Vn jour l'amoureuſe Siluie.

Yluia, *not long ſince, halfe-affrighted,*
Becauſe loues theft grew vn--benigh-ted,
Wak'd the mate
where——-in ſhee de--lighted, And thus did ſay: With a kiſſe let all wrongs bee righted, And get-vp
quickly; for 'tis day. With a kiſſe let all wrongs bee righted, And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

See! where young Morne begins to enter:
What early wings haue late bee'n lent her!
Some ſleepleſſe riuall may haue ſent her,
Vs to betray:
Haſtily kiſſe then, to preuent her,
And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

My feare would faine from hence expell thee,
Before this traytreſſe Light do ſell thee
To Shame: then thinke not much I tell thee
Of thy delay;
With a kiſſe ſince I muſt compell thee
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

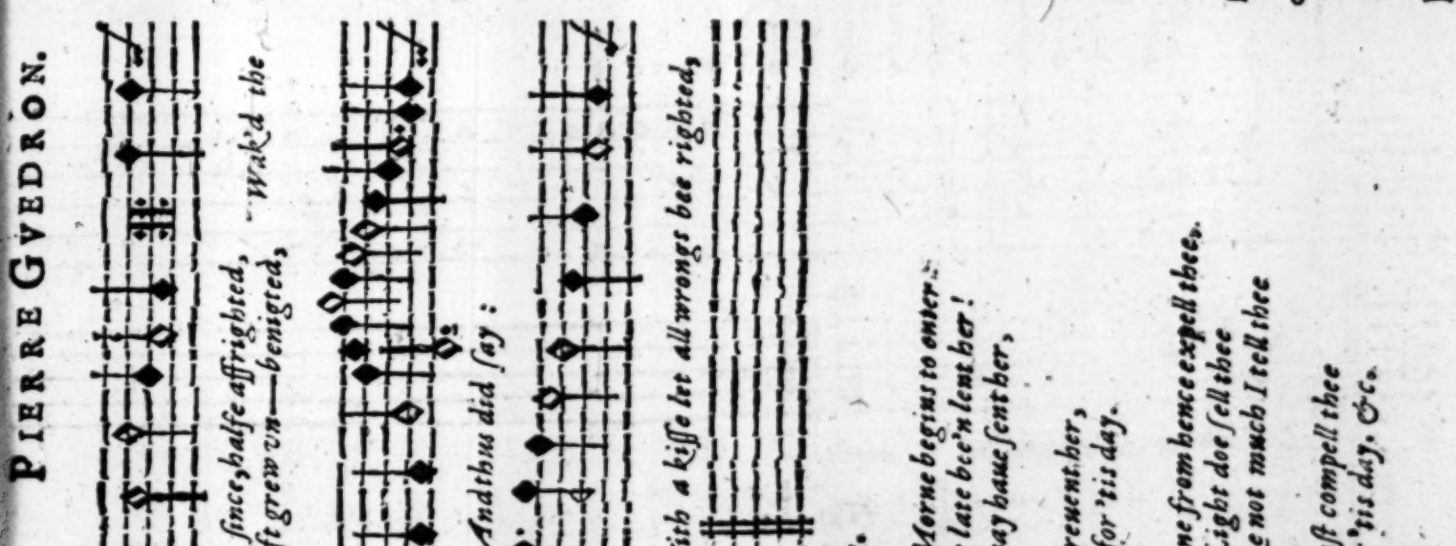
My ſcruple ought not to bee blamed:
Loue, by this blow, is no whit lamed:
Stopp'd flame doth rather, more vntamed,
Rage then decay:
With a kiſſe fairely then bee framed /
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

Syluia! *what newes is this doth daunt mee?*
(Quoth Shepheard) Canſt thou ſo much ſcant mee
Of ioy, becauſe the Sunne doth haunt mee
With iealous ray?
But a kiſſe onely wilt thou grant mee
To get-vp quickly now 'tis day?

His flaſh, the Worlds beloued wunder,
(To vs like meſſenger of thunder)
Doth blaſt Loues arme, and part aſunder
His ſweeteſt fray;
With thy kiſſe (though but enter'd vnder)
Tempting grow'n Flame to fly young Day.

Since then to part I find concerning
Now thy aduice hath taught mee learning,
I will, to ſhew my ſealfe diſcerning,
Rather then ſtay,
Take a kiſſe in pay of loues earning,
And ſo, farewell; becauſe 'tis day.

Tenor of 4. Parts. IX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Yluia, not long ſince, halfe affrighted, Wak'd the mate wherein ſhee delighted,
Becauſe louestheſt grew vn—benighted,

And thus did ſay: With a kiſſe, &c. With a kiſſe let all wrongs be righted, And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

See! where young Morne begins to enter:
What early wings haue late bee'n lent her!
Some ſleepleſſe riuall may haue ſent her,
Vs to betray:
Haſtily kiſſe then, to preuent her,
And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

My feare would faine from hence expell thee,
Before this traytreſſe Light doe ſell thee
To Shame: then thinke not much I tell thee
Of thy delay;
With a kiſſe ſince I muſt compell thee
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day. &c.

And thus did ſay: With a kiſſe, &c. With a kiſſe let all wrongs be righted, And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

See; where young Morne begins to enter:
What early wings haue late bee'n lent her;
Some ſleepleſſe riuall may haue ſent her,
Vs to betray:
Haſtily kiſſe them, to preuent her,
And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

My feare would faine from hence expell thee
Before this traytreſſe Light doe ſell thee
To Shame: then thinke not much I tell thee
Of thy delay;
With a kiſſe ſince I muſt compell thee
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day. &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. IX. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Yluia, not long ſince, halfe affrighted, Wak'd the
Becauſe louestheſt grew vn—benighted,

mate wherein ſhee delighted, And thus did ſay:

With a kiſſe, With a kiſſe let all wrongs be righted,

And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

See! where young Morne begins to enter:
What early wings haue late bee'n lent her!
Some ſleepleſſe riuall may haue ſent her,
Vs to betray:
Haſtily kiſſe then, to preuent her,
And get-vp quickly; for 'tis day.

My feare would faine from hence expell thee,
Before this traytreſſe Light doe ſell thee
To Shame: then thinke not much I tell thee
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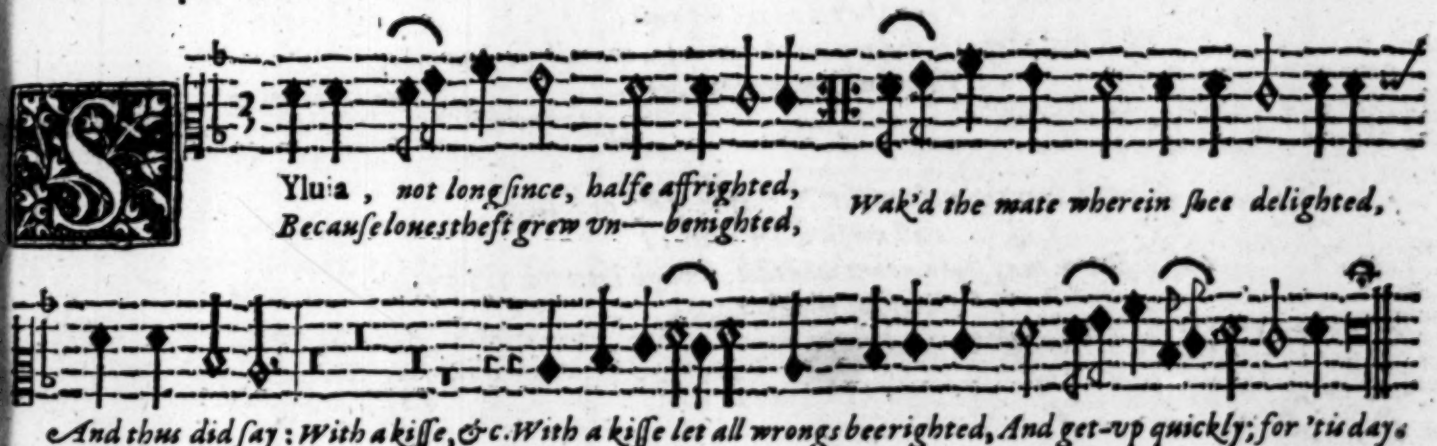
With a kiſſe ſince I muſt compell thee
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day. &c.

Altus of 4. Parts. IX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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My feare would faine from hence expell thee,
Before this traytreſſe Light doe ſell thee
To Shame: then thinke not much I tell thee
Of thy delay;
With a kiſſe ſince I muſt compell thee
To get-vp quickly; for 'tis day. &c.

Las ! fuir as-tu tousjours?

W

Ilt thou, vntam'd a-las! ſtill fly, for feare of charming,
Or leaſt, with my moanes lance, that Pittie, her ſelfe arming,

Thy breaſt in my teares floud?
Should let thy ri-gour bloud?

O! ſtay; O! ſtay, Amarantha, *thy flight; Thy flights blacke*

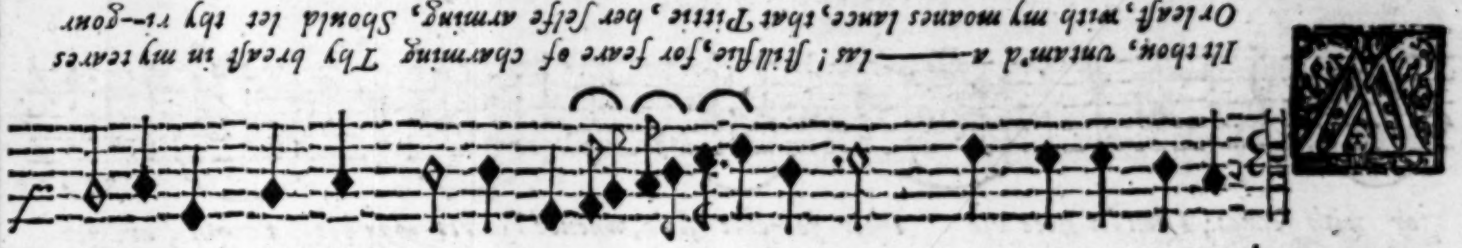
wings ſhadow mee with dreadfull night.

As, to behold thine eies, and not adore their luſter,
Were bold impietie:
So, to flie (as thou do'ſt) when Pitties forces muſter,
Is cowards crueltie.
O! ſtay.

'Tis not a hope, thine Eies will proue my ſweet Attournies,
When they ſhall ſee my caſe,
That makes mee ſpend my cries and ſteps, in endleſſe Iournies,
To countermand thy pace.
O! ſtay.

To tell, how thou alone art Nymphe of my deuotion,
Is all my ſu'd-for gaines:
Thou may'ſt, to grant mee this, though intermit thy motion,
Continue thy diſdaines.
O! ſtay.

Tenor of 4. Parts. X. PIERRE GVEDRON.



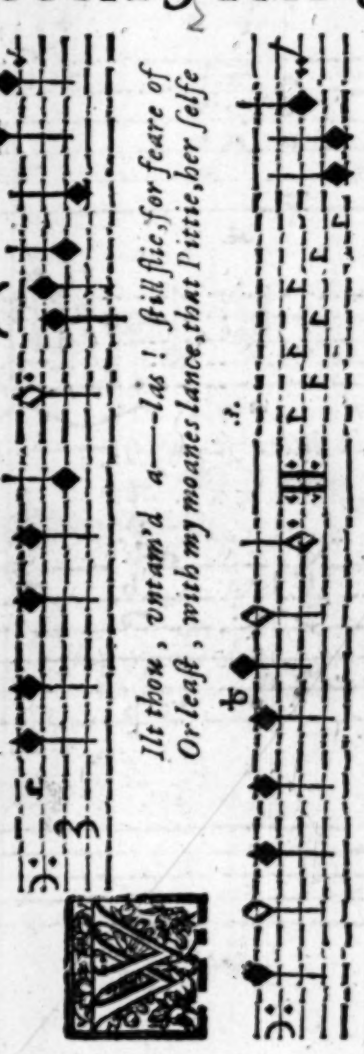
Ilt thou, vntam'd a——las! ſtill flie, for feare of charming Thy breaſt in my teares
Or leaſt, with my moanes lance, that Pittie, her ſelfe arming, Should let thy ri--gour

ſloud? blond? O! ſtay, O! ſtay, Amarantha, thy flight; Thy flights blacke wings ſhadow mee with dreadfull night.

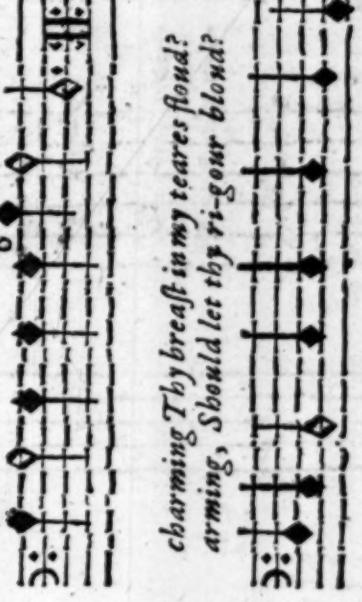
As, to behold thine eyes, and not adore their luſter, | So, to flie (as thou do'ſt) when Pitties forces muſter,
Were bold impietie: | Is cowards crueltie.

O! ſtay, &c.

Basſus of 4. Parts. X. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Ilt thou, vntam'd a——las! ſtill flie, for feare of charming Thy breaſt in my teares
Or leaſt, with my moanes lance, that Pittie, her ſelfe arming, Should let thy ri-gour bloud?



bloud? O! ſtay; O! ſtay, Amarantha, thy flight; Thy flights blacke wings ſhadow mee with dreadfull night.

As, to behold thine eyes, and not adore their luſter,
Were bold impietie:
So, to flie (as thou do'ſt) when Pitties forces muſter,
Is cowards crueltie.
O! ſtay.

'Tis not a hope, thine Eies will prone my ſweet Arrownies,
When they ſhall ſee my cries and ſteps, in endleſſe Iournies,
That makes mee ſpend my cries and ſteps, in endleſſe Iournies,
To countermand thy pace.
O ſtay.

To tell, how thou alone art Nymphe of my devotion,
Is all my ſu'd-for gaines:
Thou may'ſt, to grant mee this, though interm it thy motion,
Continue thy diſdaines.
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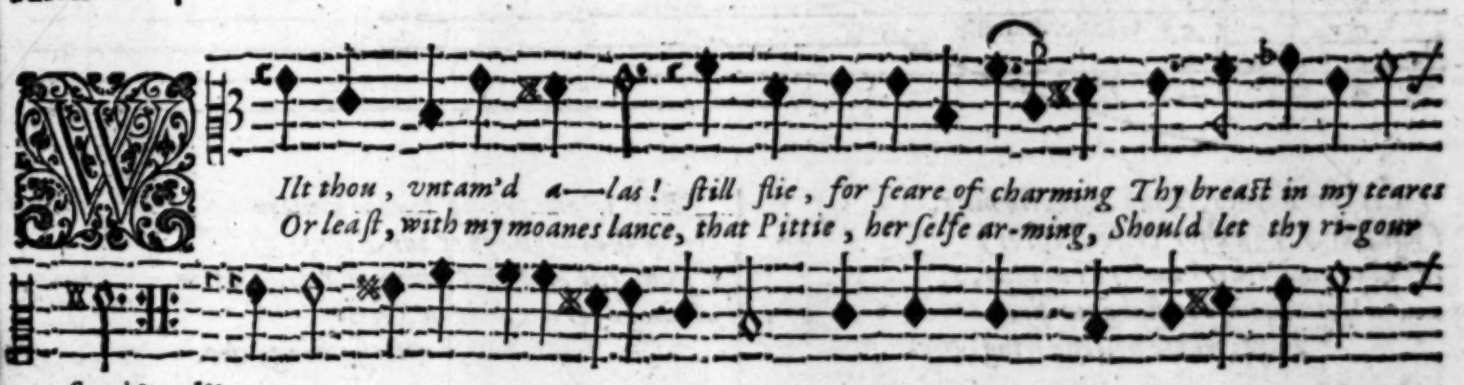
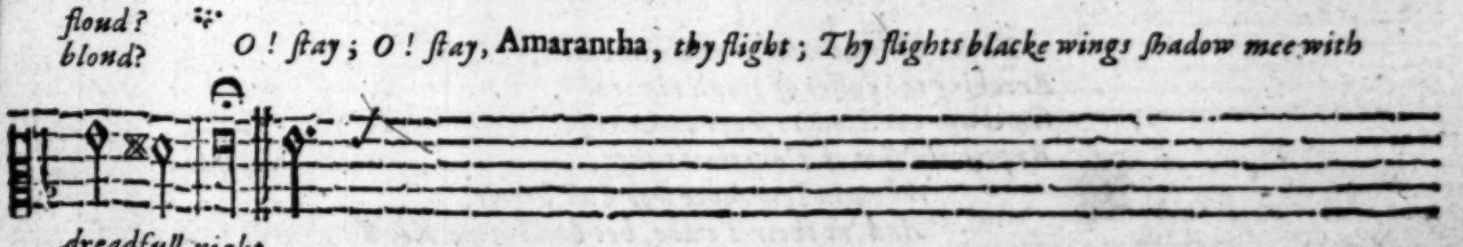
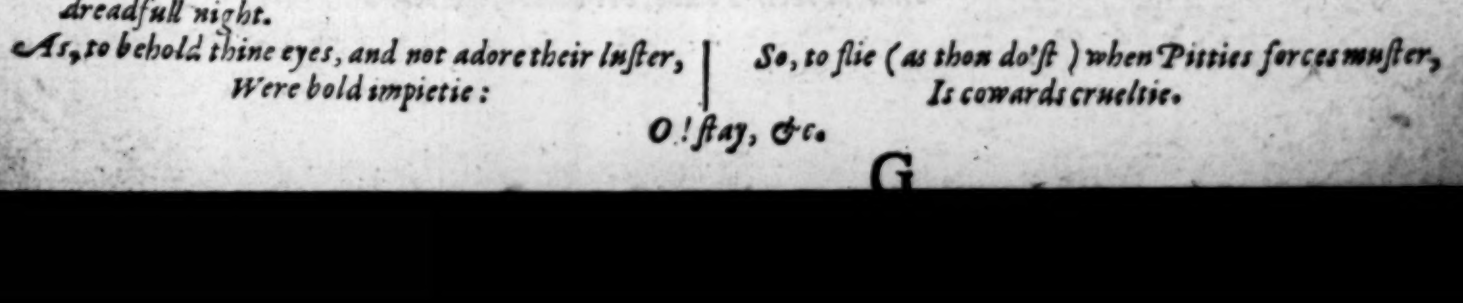
Altus of 4. Parts. X. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Ilt thou, vntam'd a—las! ſtill flie, for feare of charming Thy breaſt in my teares
Or leaſt, with my moanes lance, that Pittie, her ſelfe ar-ming, Should let thy ri-gour



ſloud? blond? O! ſtay; O! ſtay, Amarantha, thy flight; Thy flights blacke wings ſhadow mee with



dreadfull night.

As, to behold thine eyes, and not adore their luſter, | So, to flie (as thou do'ſt) when Pitties forces muſter,
Were bold impietie: | Is cowards crueltie.

O! ſtay, &c.

Si le parler,
& le silence.

F key of Speach, or locke of Silence, Strike vs with er——rors,

or with feares; Then let Eies vse their se--cret stile, whence Hearts may bee taught, and yet

not Eares. Loue, whose noiseless wing, by stealth, caught vs, This dumbe discourse, as soft——ly,

taught vs.

Gabriel Bataille.

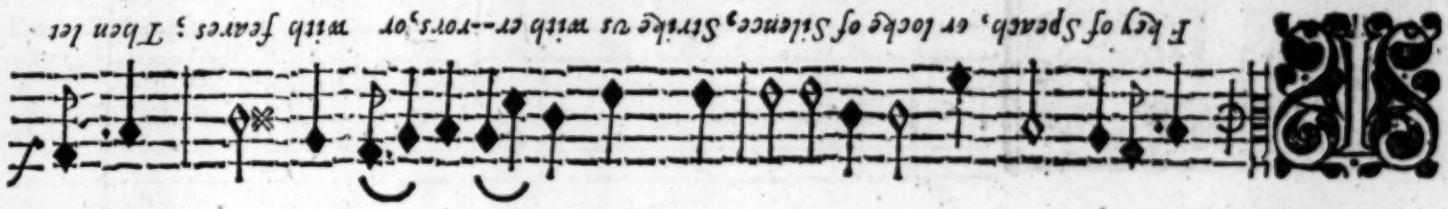
Let our Lookes, flying and returning,
(Fit secret Posts for close Desires)
Whisper each others inward burning,
And 'point a time to slake our fires.
Loue, whose noiseless wing, &c.

But, if our prying riualls mutter
To see the language of our Eies,
By vnseene Thought our minds wee'll vtter,
As messages are done in Skies.
Loue, whose noiseless wing, &c.

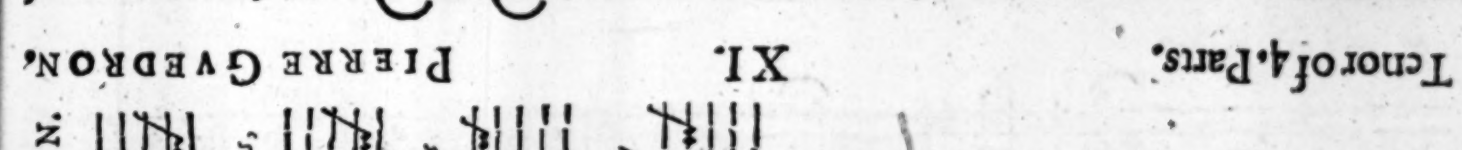
Thus, with an armour new-inuented,
Breaking the puffes of Enuies lungs,
Gard wee our Honors shape vndented,
By poison'd shot of Courtiers tungs,
Whom in Ignorance wee'll all berrie,
And, at their Tombe, bee dumbly merrie.

Tenor of 4. Parts.

XI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



F key of Speach, or locke of Silence, Strike vs with errs, or with feares; Then let



Eies vse their secret stile, whence Hearts may bee taught, and yet not Eares. Loue, whose noiseleſſe

wing, by stealth, caught vs, This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught vs.

Let our Lookes, flying and returning,
(Fit secret Posts for close Desires)
Whisper each others inward burning,
And 'point a time to slake our fires.

Loue, whose noiseleſſe wing, &c.

But, if our prying rivalls mutter
To see the language of our Eies,
By vnseene Thought our wee'll vtter,
As messages are done in Skies.

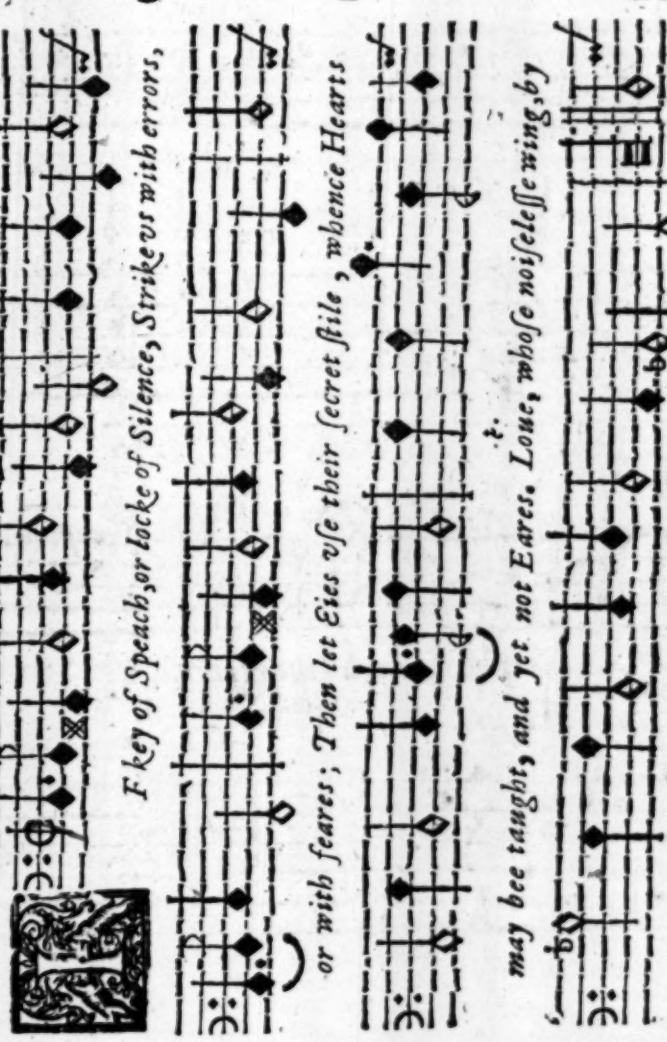
Loue, whose noiseleſſe wing, &c.

Thus, with an armour new-invented,
Breaking the puffes of Enuies lungs,
Gard wee our Honors shape vndented
By poison'd shot of Courtiers tungs,

Whom in Ignorance wee'll all berrie,
And, at their Tombe, bee dumbly merrie.

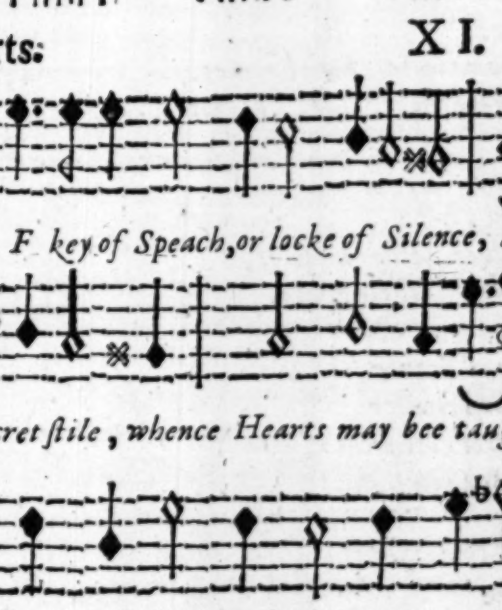
Bassus of 4. Parts.

XI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



F key of Speach, or locke of Silence, Strike vs with errors, or with feares; Then let

Eies vse their secret stile, whence Hearts may bee taught, and yet not Eares. Loue, whose noiseleſſe



wing, by stealth, caught vs, This dumbe discourse, as softly, taught vs.

Let our Lookes, flying and returning,
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Whisper each others inward burning,
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Loue, whose noiseleſſe wing, &c.

But, if our prying rivalls mutter
To see the language of our Eies,
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Gard wee our Honors shape vndented
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Altus of 4. Parts.

XI. PIERRE GVEDRON.

F key of Speach, or locke of Silence, Strike vs with errors, or with feares; Then let

Eies vse their secret stile, whence Hearts may bee taught, and yet not Eares. Loue, whose noiseleſſe

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Let our Lookes, flying and returning,
(Fit secret Posts for close Desires)
Whisper each others inward burning,
And 'point a time to slake our fires.

Loue, whose noiseleſſe wing, &c.

The Aire of the Tritonides, *in a Maſque before this* LEWIS *the thirteenth and his Mother, at Madame his Siſters taking her leaue to goe into* SPAINE.

C'eſt trop courir les eaux.

Oo much wee range the waues, Let's quit theſe cryſtall

graues: Too much wee range the waues, Let's quit theſe cryſtall graues: And hunt for Pallas

heere in this more likely place, For ſure in Vertues Court the Gods leaue ſtill their trace.

Gabriel Bataille.

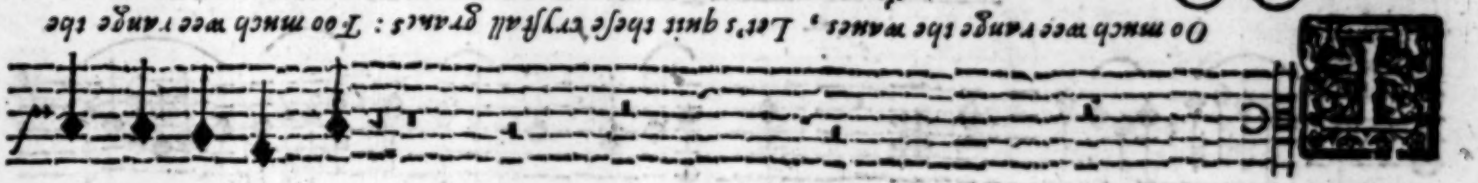
The Groues of our deſires
Heere blaze with holy fires:
And thoſe influent Lights, that ſhowre on vs ſuch beames,
Giue hope our happineſſe will flow from their bright ſtreames.

Gow' then! let's now accoſt
Thoſe eyes that wee thought loſt:
Their beauties to abbord the more wee ſlacke our pace,
The leſſe we ſeeme to know the bountie of their grace.

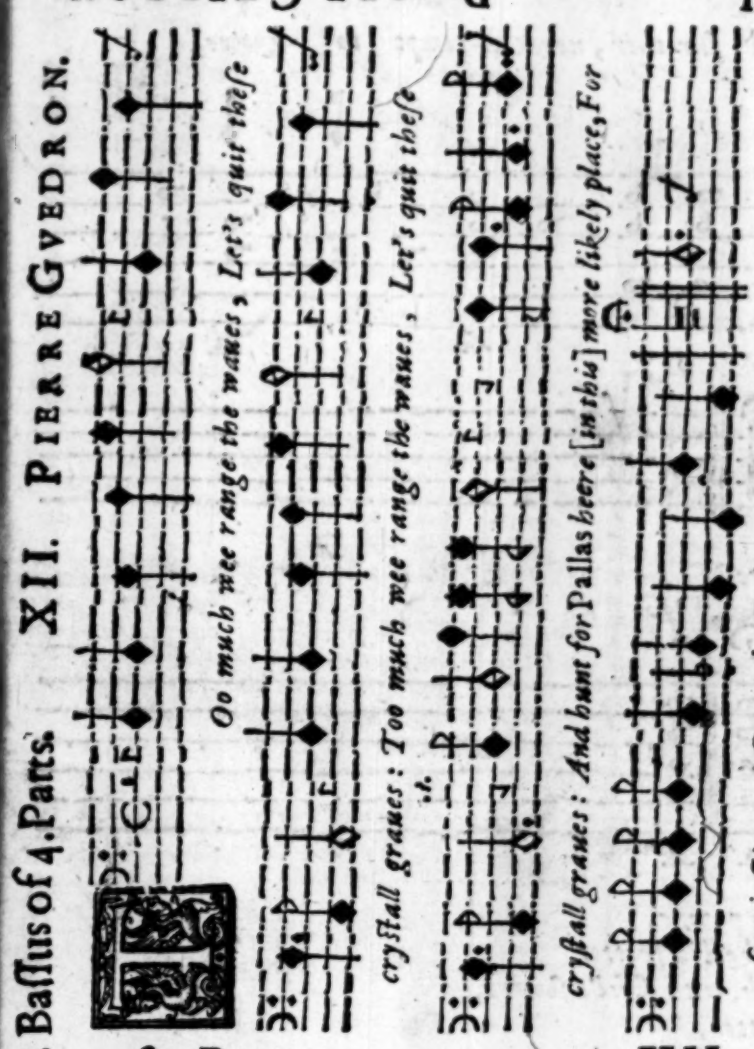
Yee! great bright Sunnes of France,
Whoſe prudent Lawes good chance
Giues breath to tired hearts by ſweet reſtraint of hand,
Tell vs, if our Minerua *doe not neare you ſtand?*

It lieth ſure in you
To bleſſe vs with her view:
For, finding Valour heere ſo cloſe by Wiſedomes ſide,
Well may wee iudge that Shee doth alſo heere abide.

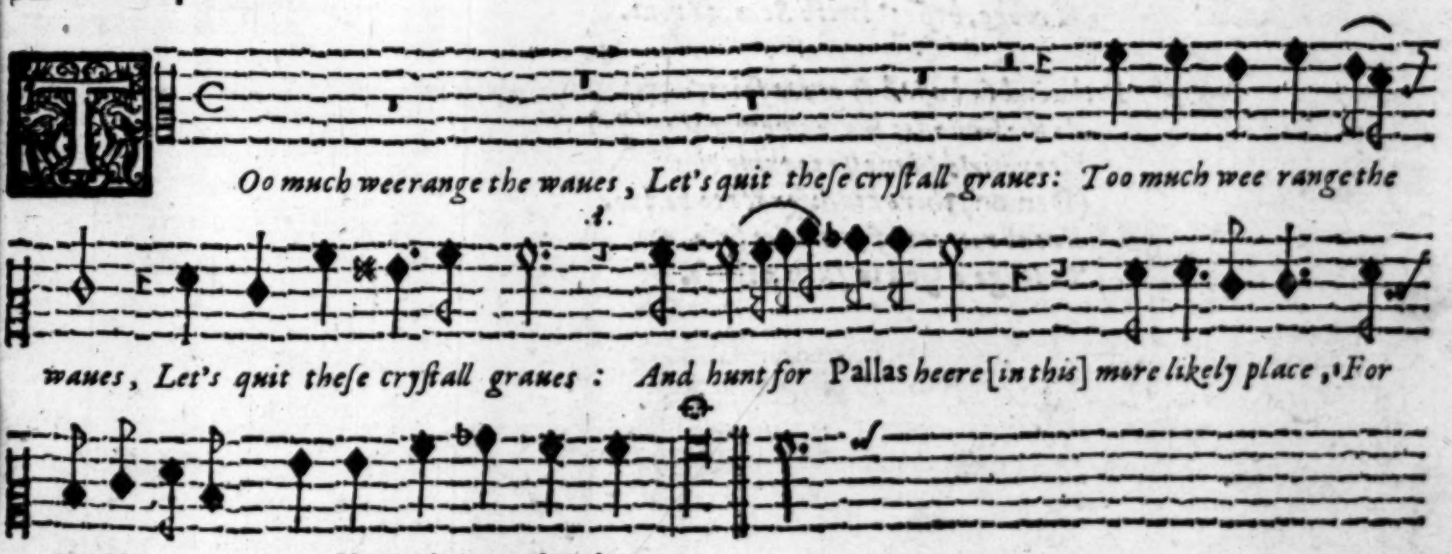
Tenor of 4. Parts. XII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Bassus of 4. Parts. XII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Altus of 4. Parts. XII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Ce petit Monarque des cœurs.

That ſame lit-tle great King of harts,
To the fi-rie yoake of his darts,
Ouer-ſwell'd with
The ſupreme neckes

cuſtome of ta—ming,
of hu—mane fra--ming,
Would, fur-ther, needs at-tempt to knowe,

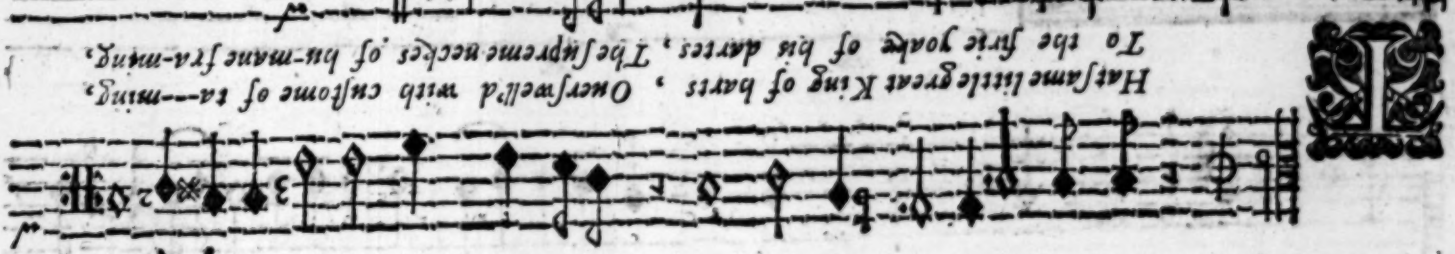
If Death could ſuf--fer by his bowe?

Raſhly thus hee, wronging his powre,
His full quiuers brood thicke did ſcatter
At this flint heart, which, with ſteel'd ſhowre,
Hee as fondly aſſay'd to batter,
As winds and waues that, vaine, are bent
A rocke, beſieg'd with Seas, to rent.

In the end (abaſh'd ſo great ſpies,
As the Gods, at his ſhame were merrie)
Hee retir'd himſelfe to thine eies
(Damon) *there his diſgrace to berrie.*
Fatall retreat: for 'tis not ſafe
To lodge a God in ſuch a chafe.

Tenor of 4. Parts.

XIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

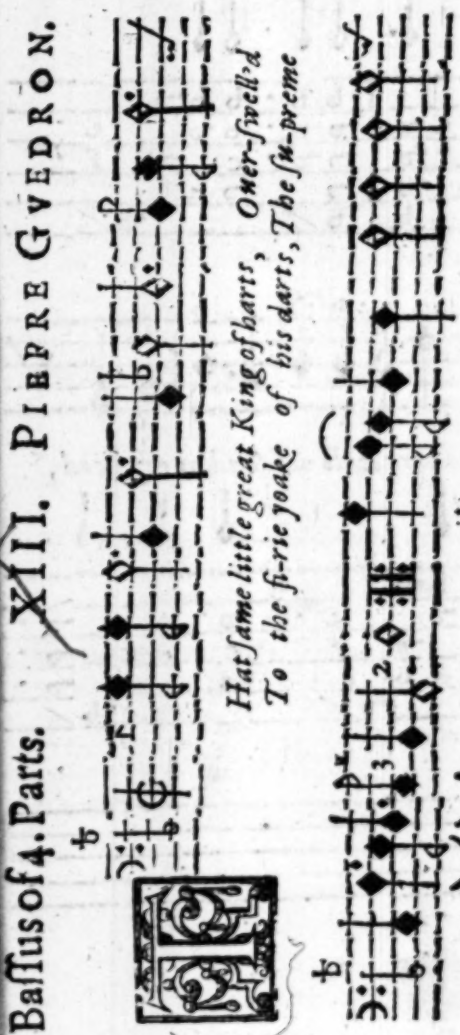


Hat same little great King of harts, Ouer-swell'd with custome of ta--ming,
To the firie yoake of his darts, The supreme neckes of hu-mane fra-ming,

Would further needs attempt to knowe, If Death could suffer by his bowe?

Rashly thus hee, wronging his powre,
His full quiuers brood thicke did scatter
At this flint heart, which, with steel'd showre,
Hee as fondly assay'd to batter,
As winds and wanes that, vaine, are bent
A rocke, besieg'd with Seas, to rent. &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. XIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Hat same little great King of harts, Ouer-swell'd with custome of ta-ming,
To the firie yoake of his darts, The sup-preme necks of hu-mane fra-ming,

Would fur-ther needs attempt to know,
If Death could suf—fer by his bowe?

Rashly thus hee, wronging his powre,
His full quiuers brood thicke did scatter
At this flint heart, which, with steel'd showre,
Hee as fondly assay'd to batter,
As winds and wanes that, vaine, are bent
A rocke, besieg'd with Seas, to rent.

In the end (abash'd so great spies,
As the Gods, at his shame were merrie)
He retir'd himselfe to thine eies
(Dsmon) there his disgrace to berrie.
Fatall retreat: for 'tis not safe
To lodge a God in such a chafe.

Altus of 4. Parts: XIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Hat same little great King of harts, Ouerswell'd with custome of ta--ming,
To the firie yoake of his darts, The supreme neckes of hu-mane fra-ming,

Would further needs attempt to knowe, If Death could suffer by his bowe?

Rashly thus hee, wronging his powre,
His full quiuers brood thicke did scatter
At this flint heart, which, with steel'd showre,
Hee as fondly assay'd to batter,
As winds and waues that, vaine, are bent
A rocke, besieg'd with Seas, to rent. &c.

Armetoy, a raiſon!

Eaſon! arme thy wrong'd hands: Into nothing make

tremble The flame, that, martyr'd brands, Makes my Soule to reſem—— ble. If thy diuine tar-get do not

ſhadow my head, A bright Eie ſoone will ſhine mee dead. If thy diuine target do not ſhadow my head,

A bright Eie ſoone will ſhine mee dead.

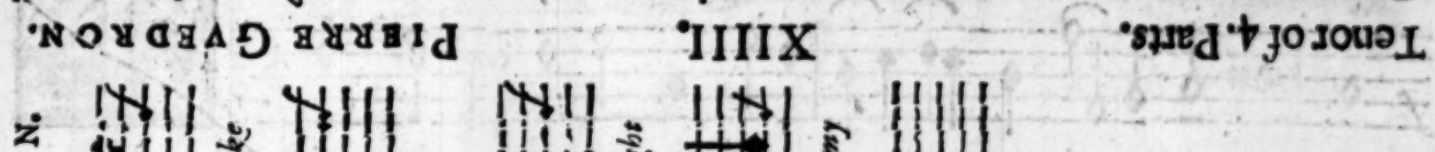
Hollow eies (which Griefs flood
Into fill'd wells runnes turning)
Expreſſe how little good
Water yeelds to ſoules burning;
And that, if thy high arme doe not ſhadow my head,
A bright Eie ſoone will ſhine mee dead.

With ſo ſtrong gall doth Loue
My deſeru'd Nectar ſeaſon,
That, if brute mouthes could moue,
Tongues of diſcurſiue Reaſon,
My cries would make them plead for remorſe, which is fled
The bright Eie that would ſhine mee dead.

Yee! belou'd Okes and Flints,
That my groanes oft haue broken;
Say! if my blazing dints
Doe not clearly betoken,
That, if the Skies prouide not a ſhade for my head,

Tenor of 4. Parts. XIIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

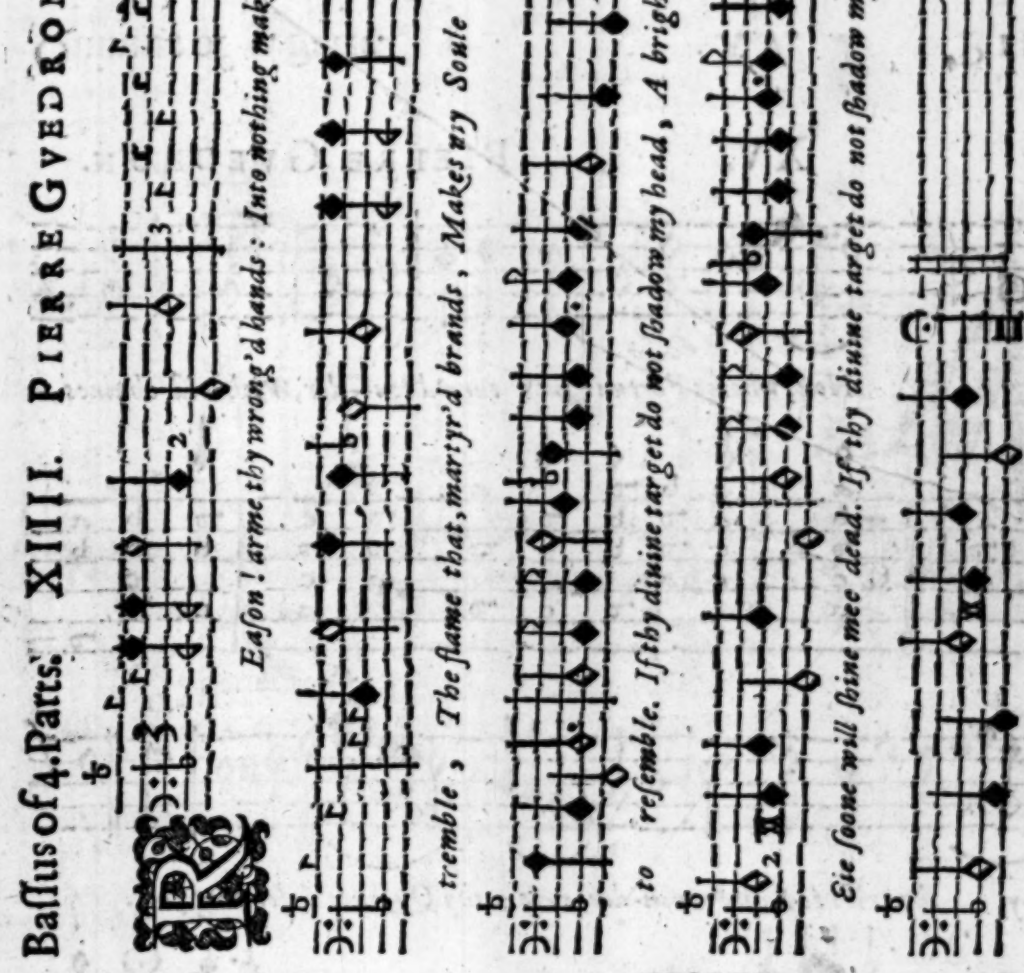
Eason! arme, &c. The flame that, marty'rd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.



If thy diuine, &c. If thy diuine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

Hollow eies (which Griefs flood
Into fill'd wells runnes turning)
Expresse how little good
Water yeelds to soules burning;
And that if thy high arme doe not shadow my head,
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead. &c.

Bassus of 4. Parts. XIIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



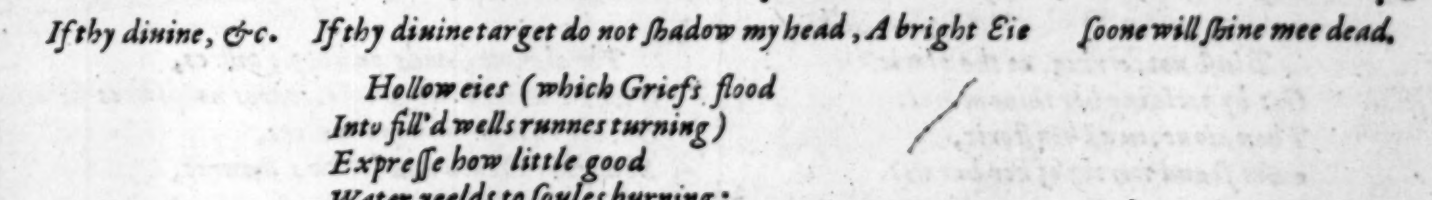
Eason! arme, &c. The flame that, marty'rd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.

If thy diuine, &c. If thy diuine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

Hollow eies (which Griefs flood
Into fill'd wells runnes turning)
Expresse how little good
Water yeelds to soules burning;
And that, if thy high arme doe not shadow my head,
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead, &c.

Triplex of 4. Parts. XIIII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Eason! arme, &c. The flame that, marty'rd brands, Makes my Soule to resemble.



If thy diuine, &c. If thy diuine target do not shadow my head, A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead.

Hollow eies (which Griefs flood
Into fill'd wells runnes turning)
Expresse how little good
Water yeelds to soules burning;
And that if thy high arme doe not shadow my head,
A bright Eie soone will shine mee dead. &c.

Honour'd, thou, by losse of battell,
With victresse bayes her browes vaile:
Pay, with holocausts of cattell,
Thy new entrance to her jaile.

Blush not, erring, at the glorie
Got by yeelding her thine armes:
Thou alone, in all her storie,
Art found worthy of her harmes.

Her Eie, daigning thee an arrow,
Stoop'd from pitch of wonted glance,
That thy brauely-kindled marrow
Might shine by so rare a chance.

Thy lost Soule, thus new-enchain ed,
Stile thou her eternall Slaue:
Glorious captiue, who hath gained
Title that defies the Graue.

Thraldome stands on happie pillres,
Whose Fame, Fate-proofe, feares no powres
Of, her ruines strongest willers,
Shakes of Death and Lethe's showres,

'Tis a hight worth thy aspiring
To fall by so loftie eies:
Happie hee, whose Soules expiring
His Names birth doth solemnize.

Quintus of 5. Parts. XV. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Cantus of 5. Parts. XV. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Hou, whome Fortune, now turn'd ten--der, With old chaines a---new doth greet, Ioy thy tribute Soule to ren-der At thy Queenes deseruing feet.

Honour'd, thou, by losse of battell,
With victresse bayes her browes vaile:
Pay, with holocausts of cattell,
Thy new entrance to her jaile.

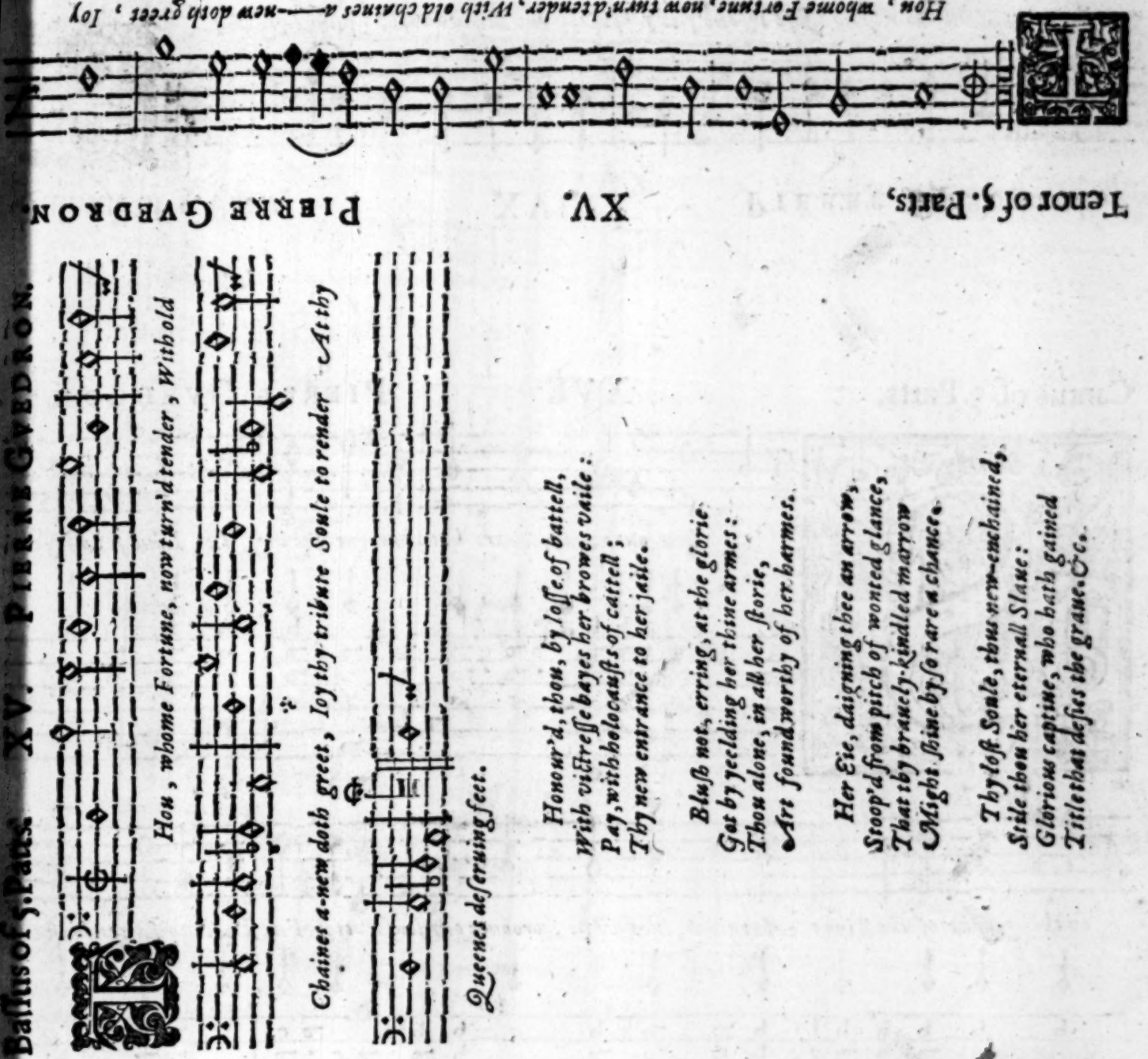
Blush not, erring, at the glorie
Got by yeelding her thine armes:
Thou alone, in all her storie,
Art found worthy of her harmes. &c.

Honour'd, thou, by losse of battell,
With victresse bayes her browes vaile:
Pay, with holocausts of cattell;
Thy new entrance to her jaile.

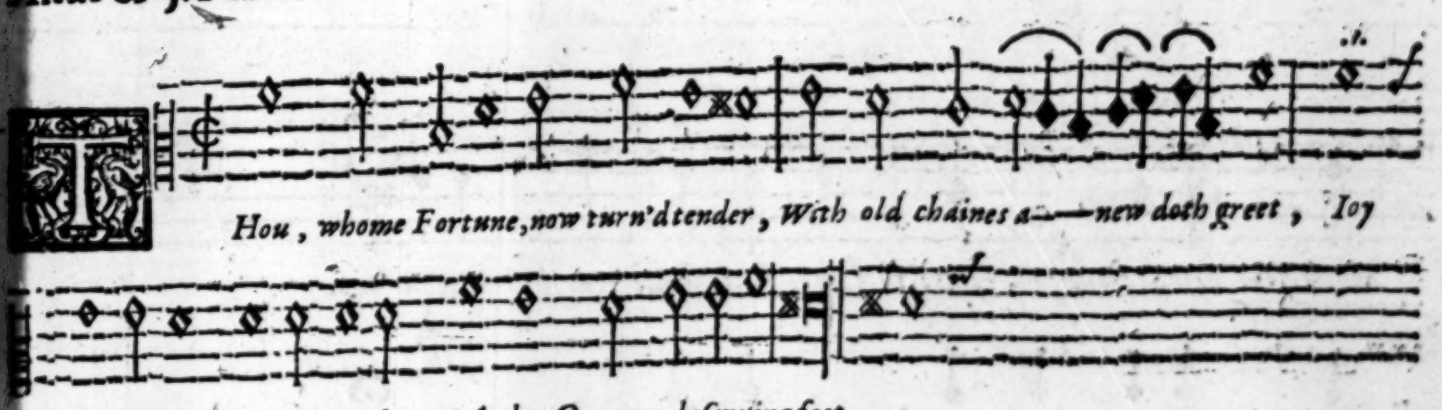
Blush not, erring, at the glorie
Gat by yeelding her thine armes:
Thou alone, in all her storie,
Art found worthy of her harmes.

Her Eie, daigning thee an arrow,
Stoop'd from pitch of wonted glance,
That thy brandy-kindled marrow
Might shine by so rare a chance.

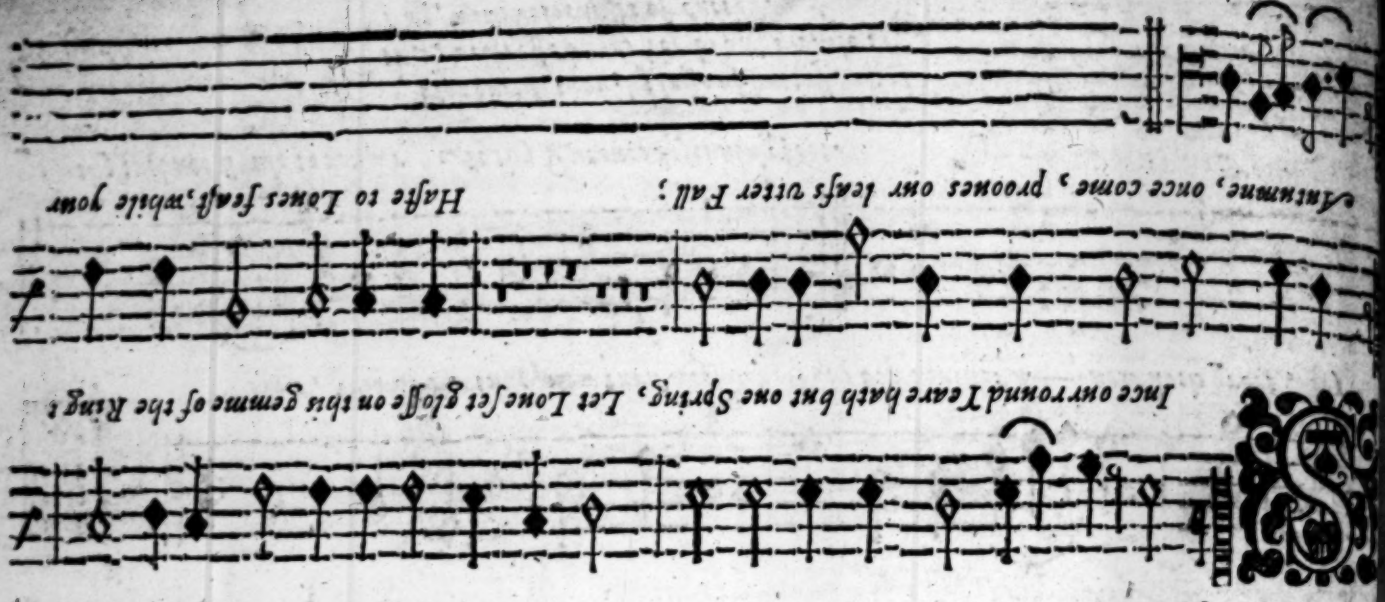
Thy lost Soule, thus new-enchained,
Stile thou her eternall Slave:
Glorious captive, who hath gained
Title that defies the grave. &c.



Honour'd, thou, by losse of battell,
With victresse bayes her browes vaile:
Pay, with holocausts of cattell,
Thy new entrance to her jaile. &c.



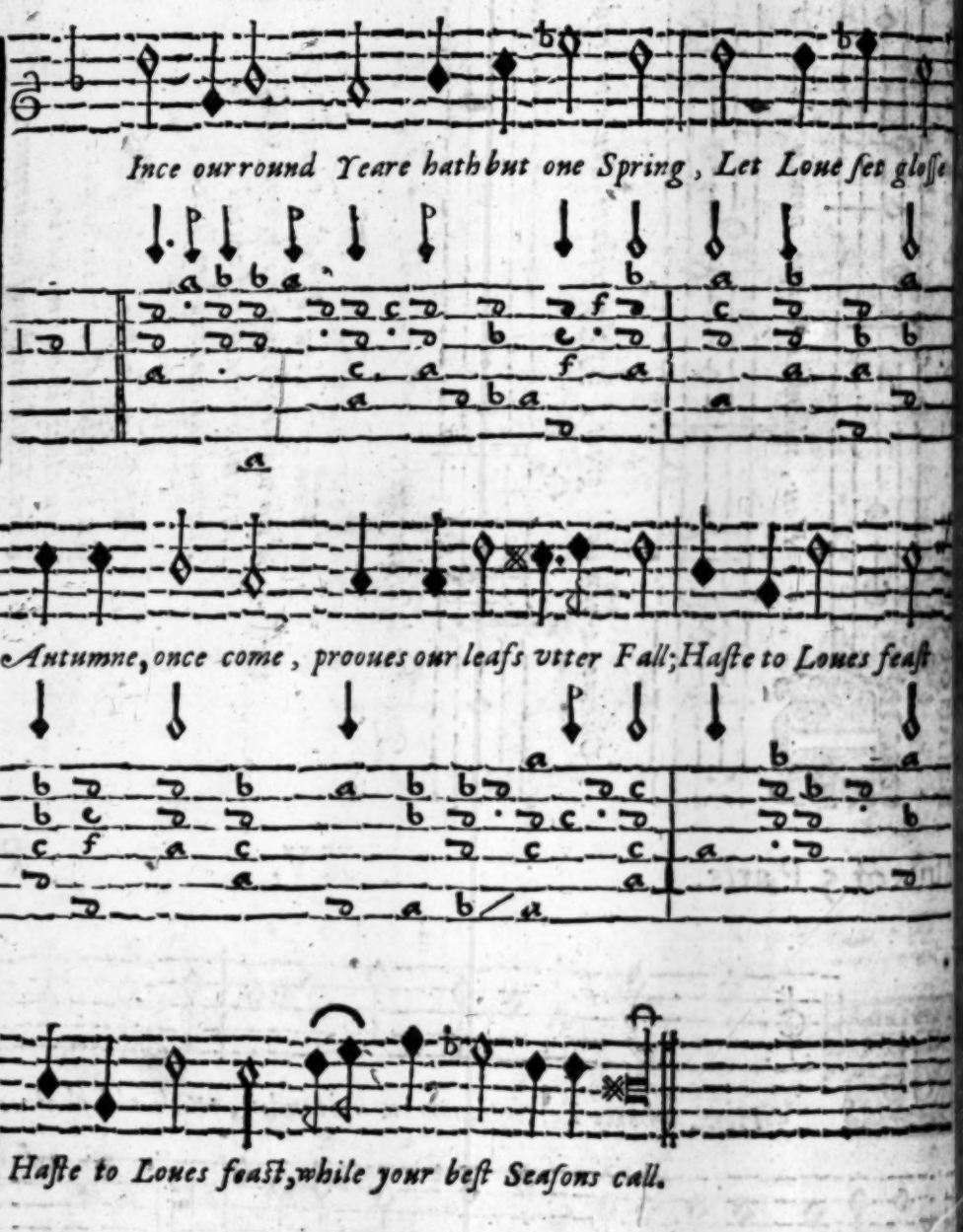
Honour'd, thou, by losse of battell,
With victresse bayes her browes vaile:
Pay, with holocausts of cattell,
Thy new entrance to her jaile. &c.



Quintus of 5. Parts. XVI. PIERRE GVEDRON.

Cantus of 5. Parts. XVI. PIERRE GVEDRON.

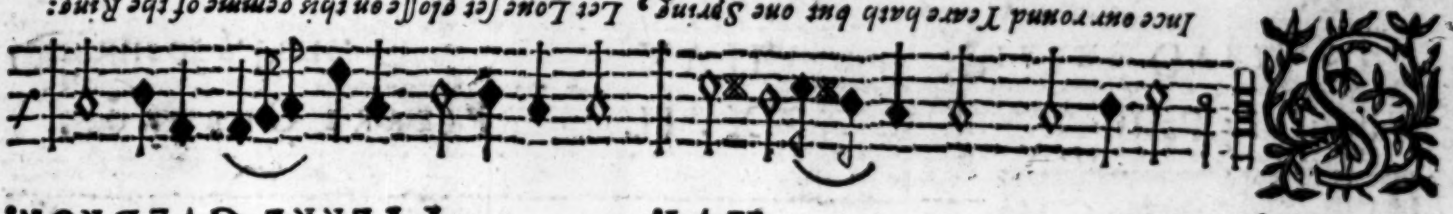
Puis que les ans n'ont qu'vn printemps.



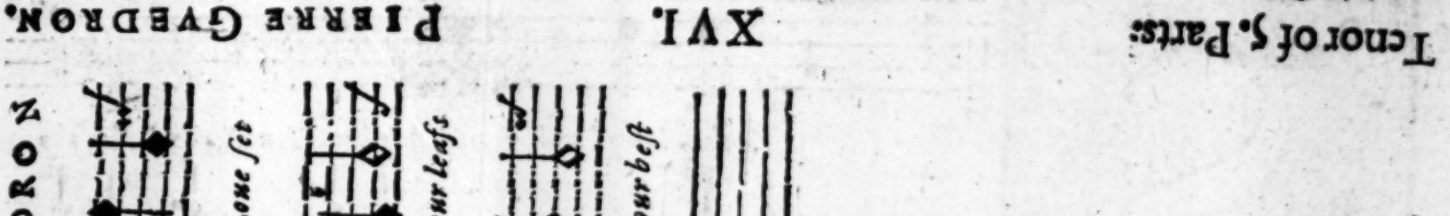
Pierre Guedron.

Tenor of 5. Parts.

XVI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Ince our round Teare hath but one Spring, Let Loue ſet gloſſe on this gemme of the Ring:

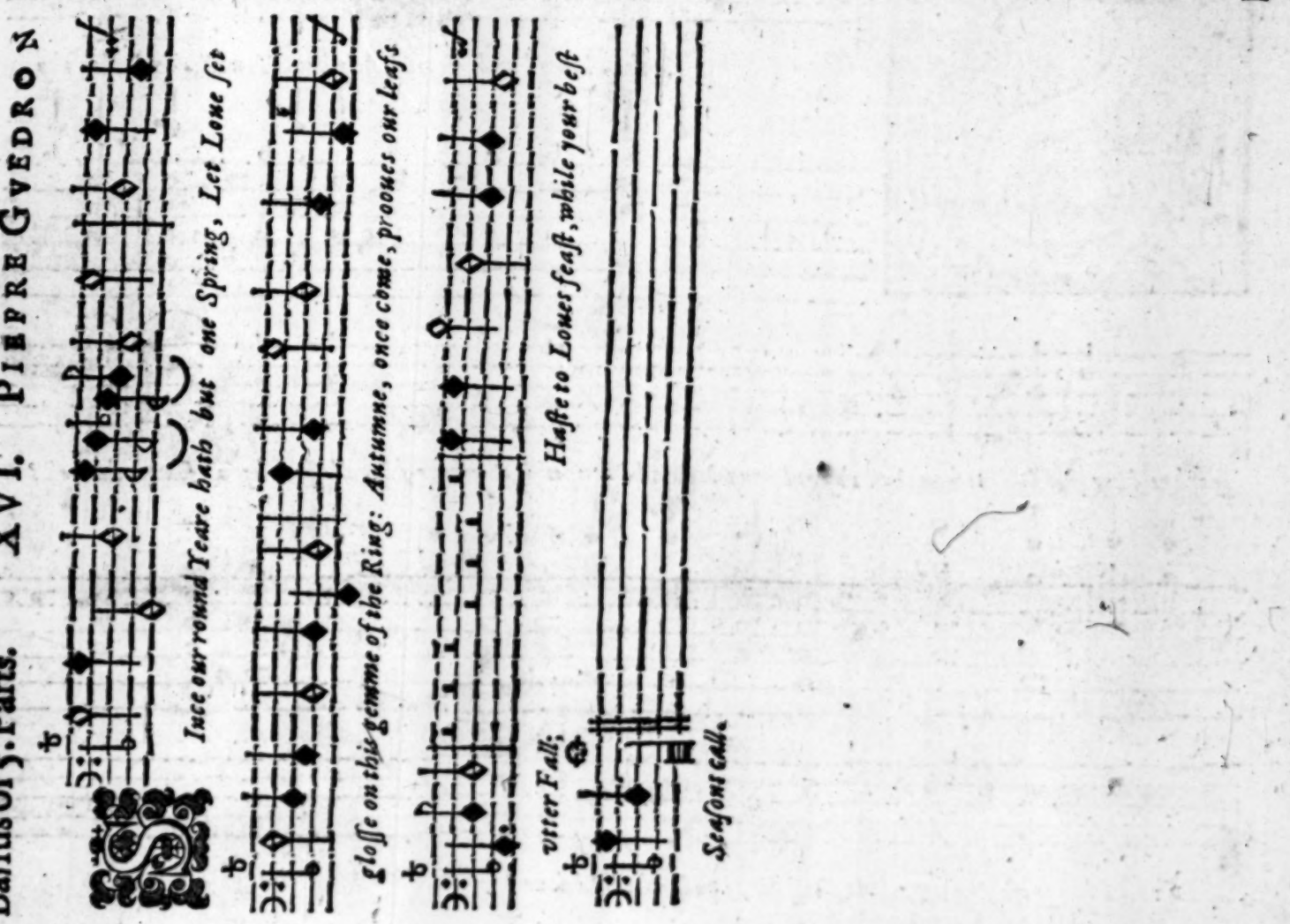


Autumne, once come, prooues our leafs vtter Fall; *Haſte to Loues feaſt, while your beſt*

Seaſons call.

Bassus of 5. Parts.

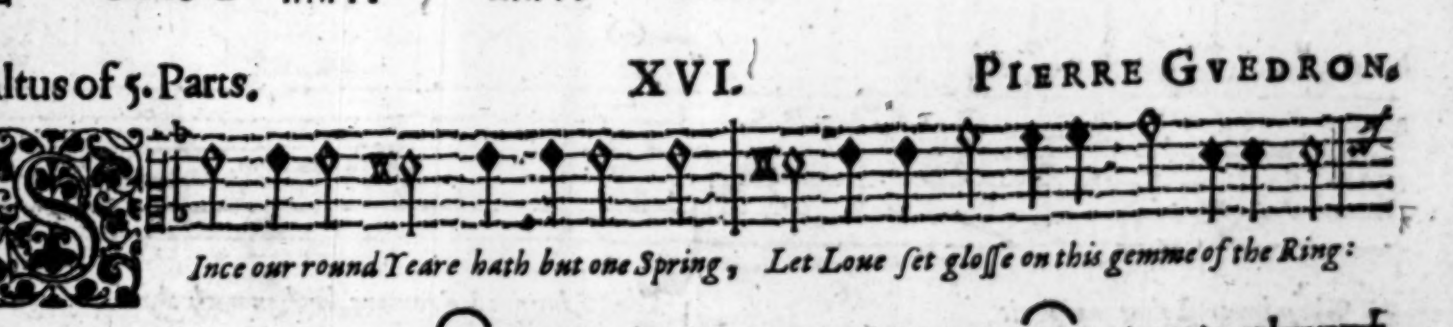
XVI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



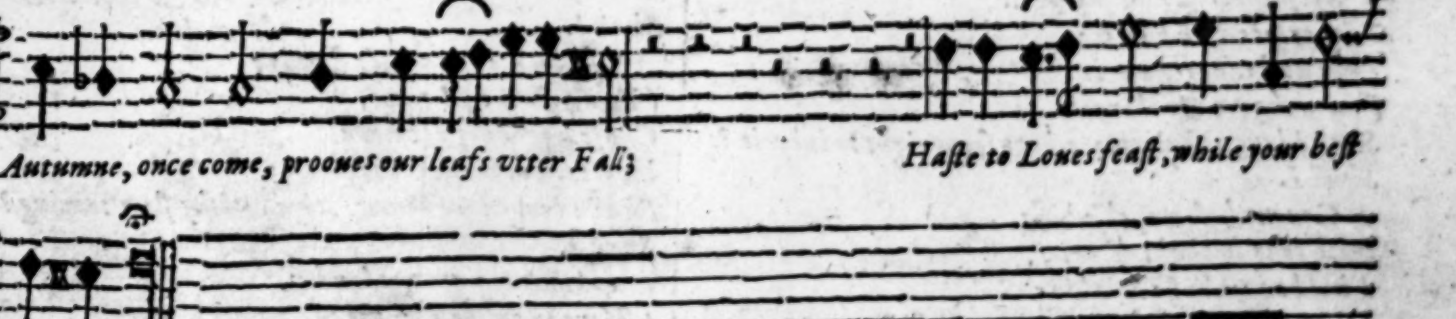
Ince our round Teare hath but one Spring, Let Loue ſet gloſſe on this gemme of the Ring: Autumne, once come, prooues our leafs vtter Fall; Haſte to Loues feaſt, while your beſt Seaſons call.

Altus of 5. Parts.

XVI. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Ince our round Teare hath but one Spring, Let Loue ſet gloſſe on this gemme of the Ring:



Autumne, once come, prooues our leafs vtter Fall; Haſte to Loues feaſt, while your beſt

Seaſons call.

Cantus of 5. Parts. XVII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

He bien! ma rebelle.

Ay then! my hard Iewell, My hard Iewell, say! For thy sparkes long fuell When shall thy gold pay? Shall I languish e'remore, bloudlesse by so sharpe du--ell?

Shall I languish e'remore At Despaires pale-cheek'd dore?

Pierre Guedron.

Thou know'st that my sperit
To thee sole d th kneele;
That no strangers merit
Can make my Zeale reele.
Shall I languish e'remore, kept from right to inherit?
Shall I.

Can my bosome, chinking
With long drought of grief,
Find but endlesse drinking
Of teares for relief?
Shall I languishe'remore, vnder Scorns burden sinking?
Shall I.

Can my sacrifisings
Of sighes in breasts fire,
And my early risings
Bargaine for no hire?
Shall I languish e'remore, broken with thy despisings!
Shall I.

Thy lookes, on whose flaming
(To my smart) I gaze,
Cause a feruent blaming
Hearts yce, whilest Eies blaze.
Shall I languish e'remore, tired with y slow taming?
Shall I.

As my cry growes louder,
More in vaine I whine:
Fy! this is to pouder
Cheekes with too long brine.
Shall I languishe'remore at the feet that grow prouder?
Shall I languish eremore
At Despaires pale-cheek'd dore?

Cantus of 5. Parts.

XVIII. ANTHOINE BOESSET.

Nowe, my deare Idoll Cloris! *that, all zea-lous, Heere at*

thine altar I would proſtrate ſtay; But common Morne, of eu'rie Louer jea-lous, To my Diſaſter

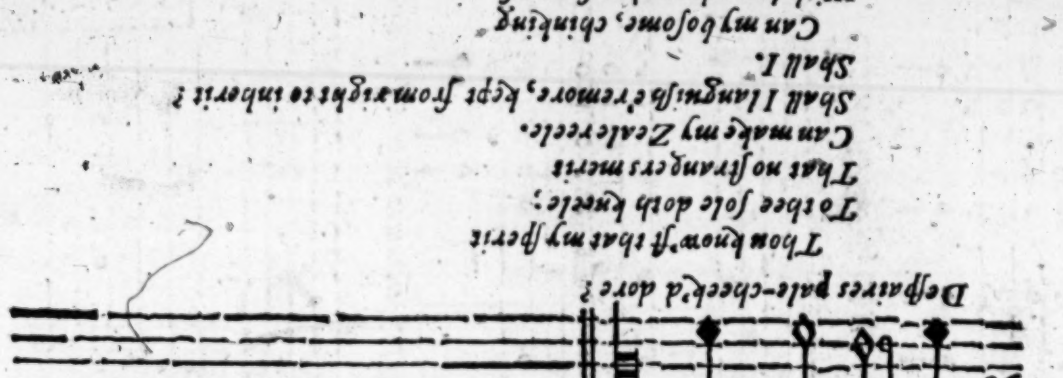
brings the Starre of day, Cloris! *fare-well; Oh! let mee dying va——niſh: * Day-light*

is come my de-light hence to ba——niſh.

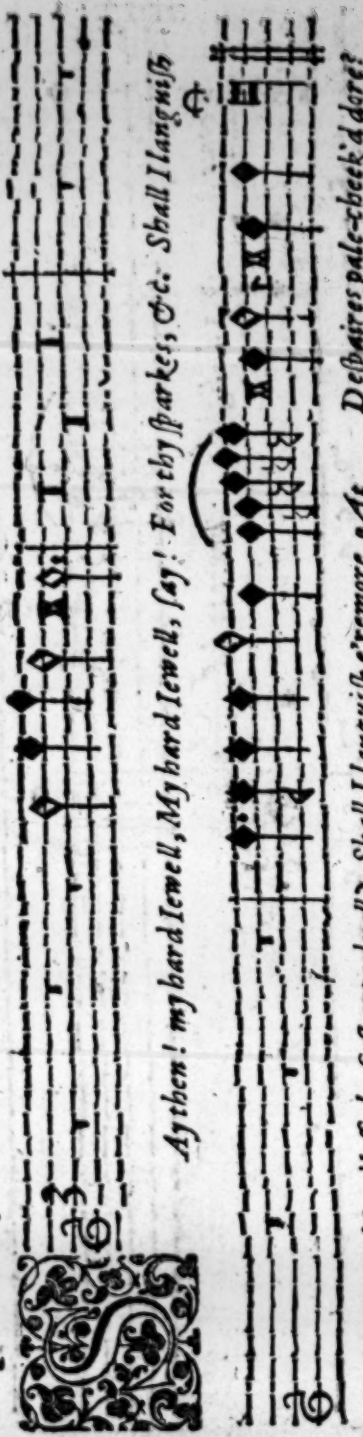
Gabriel Bataille.

Why, with ſuch ſirie ſpeed, inceſſant driuer!
Bringſt thou a light that obſcures Louers Skies?
Controll thy race; keepe backe thy beamie quiuer;
What needs more Day then ſhoots from theſe gray eies?
Cloris! *farewell.*
Vnruſtie Night! that, in fauour of cloſe Louers,
Friendly diſplayeſt thy ſecuring vailes,
Can light vs beſt to Louers ſecret aſſailes,
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues-Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh! let mee dying vaniſh;*

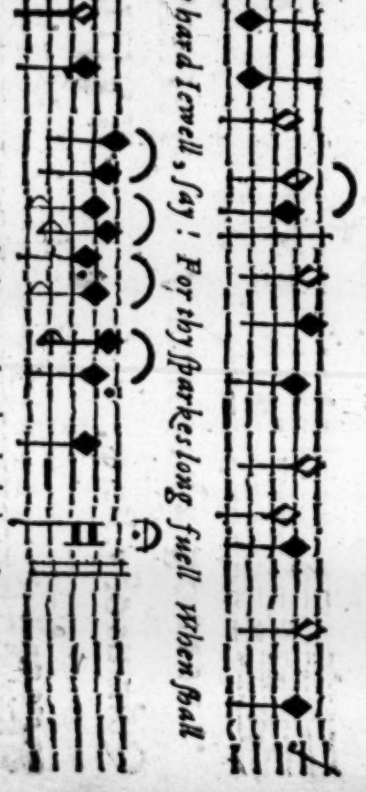
Ballus of 5. Parts. XVII. PIERRE GVEDRON.



Triplex of 5. Parts. XVII. PIERRE GVEDRONS

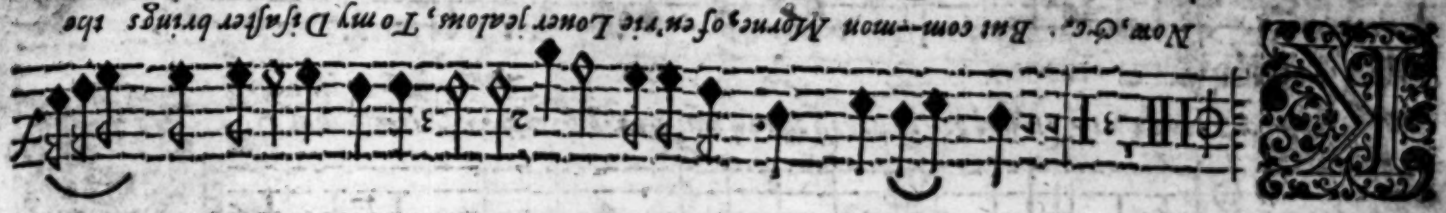


Tenor of 5. Parts: XVII. PIERRE GVEDRON.

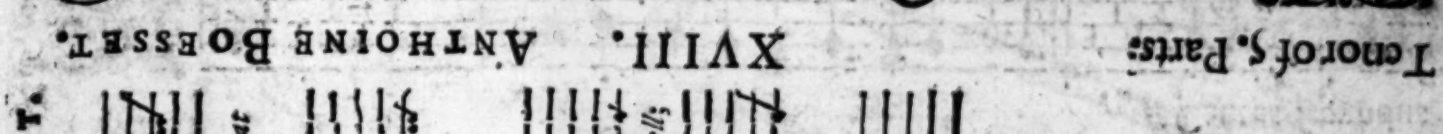


Tenor of 5. Parts.

XVIII. ANTHOINE BOESSET.



Now, &c. But com--mon Morne, of en'rie Lo--uer jea-lous, To my Diſaſter brings the



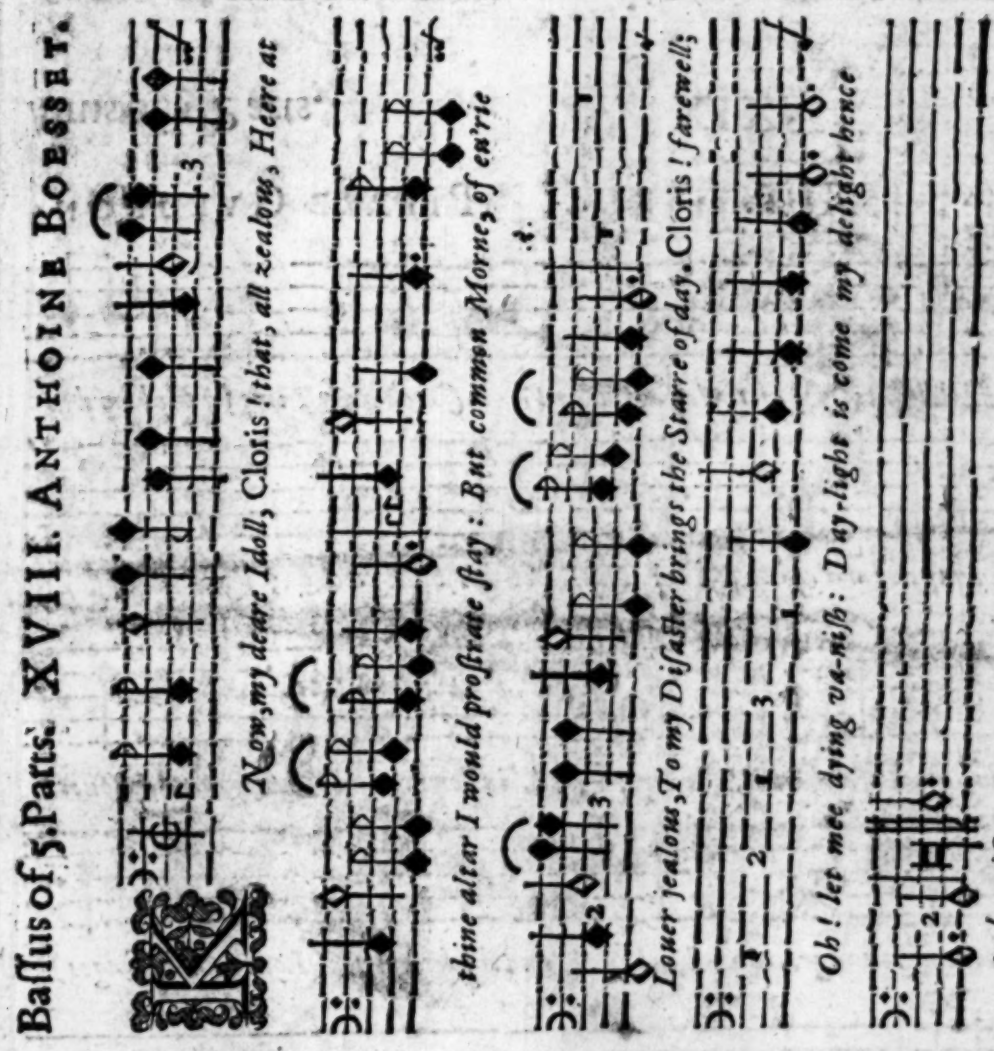
Starre of day. Cloris! farewell; Oh! let mee dying va-niſh: Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Can light vs beſt to Loues ſecret aſſailes,
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing, becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh let me dying vaniſh;*
Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Can light vs beſt to Loues ſecret aſſailes.
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing, becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh let mee dying vaniſh:*
Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Why, with ſuch firie ſpeed, inceſſant driuer!
Bring'ſt thou a light that obſcures Louers Skies?
Controll thy race; keepe backe thy beamie quiuer;
What needs more Day then ſhoots from theſe gray eies?
Cloris! *farewell.*
Truſtie Night! that, in fauour of cloſe Louers,
Friendly diſplayeſt thy ſecuring vailes,
Fright backe pale Morne; tell her thy ſhadie coners

Bassus of 5. Parts. XVIII. ANTHOINE BOESSET.



Now, my deare Idoll, Cloris! that, all zealous, Heere at

thine altar I would proſtrate ſtay: But common Morne, of en'rie

Louer jealous, To my Diſaſter brings the Starre of day. Cloris! farewell;

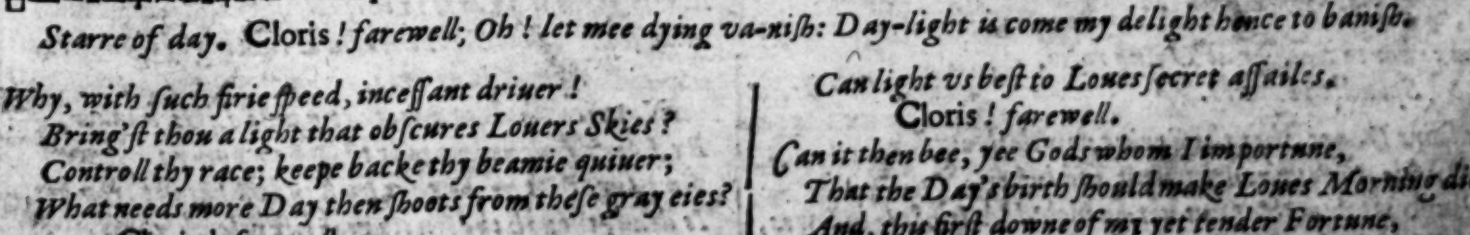
Oh! let mee dying va-niſh: Day-light is come my delight hence

to ba-niſh.

Why, with ſuch firie ſpeed, inceſſant driuer!
Bring'ſt thou a light that obſcures Louers Skies?
Controll thy race; keepe backe thy beamie quiuer;
What needs more Day then ſhoots from theſe gray eies?
Cloris! *farewell.*
Truſtie Night! that, in fauour of cloſe Louers,
Friendly diſplayeſt thy ſecuring vailes,
Fright backe pale Morne; tell her thy ſhadie coners
Can light vs beſt to Loues ſecret aſſailes.
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing, becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh let me dying vaniſh;*
Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Altus of 5. Parts. XVIII. ANTHOINE BOESSET.

Now, &c. But common Morne, of en'rie Lo--uer jea-lous, To my Diſaſter brings the

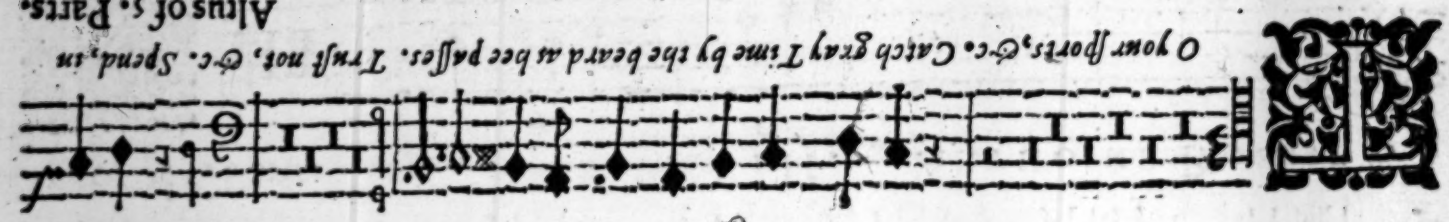


Starre of day. Cloris! farewell; Oh! let mee dying va-niſh: Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Why, with ſuch firie ſpeed, inceſſant driuer!
Bring'ſt thou a light that obſcures Louers Skies?
Controll thy race; keepe backe thy beamie quiuer;
What needs more Day then ſhoots from theſe gray eies?
Cloris! *farewell.*
Truſtie Night! that, in fauour of cloſe Louers,
Friendly diſplayeſt thy ſecuring vailes,
Fright backe pale Morne; tell her thy ſhadie coners
Can light vs beſt to Loues ſecret aſſailes.
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing, becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh let me dying vaniſh;*
Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

Can light vs beſt to Loues ſecret aſſailes.
Cloris! *farewell.*
Can it then bee, yee Gods whom I importune,
That the Day's birth ſhould make Loues Morning die?
And, this firſt downe of my yet tender Fortune,
Muſt it make wing, becauſe fledg'd Night doth flie?
Cloris! *farewell; oh let me dying vaniſh:*
Day-light is come my delight hence to baniſh.

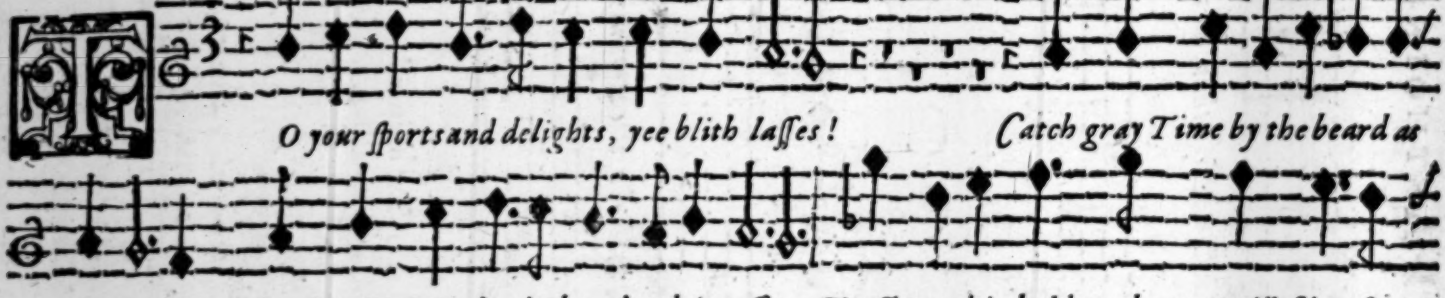
Cantus fecundus



O your sports, &c. Catch gray Time by the beard as hee passes. Trust not, &c. Spend, in

Altus of 5. Parts.

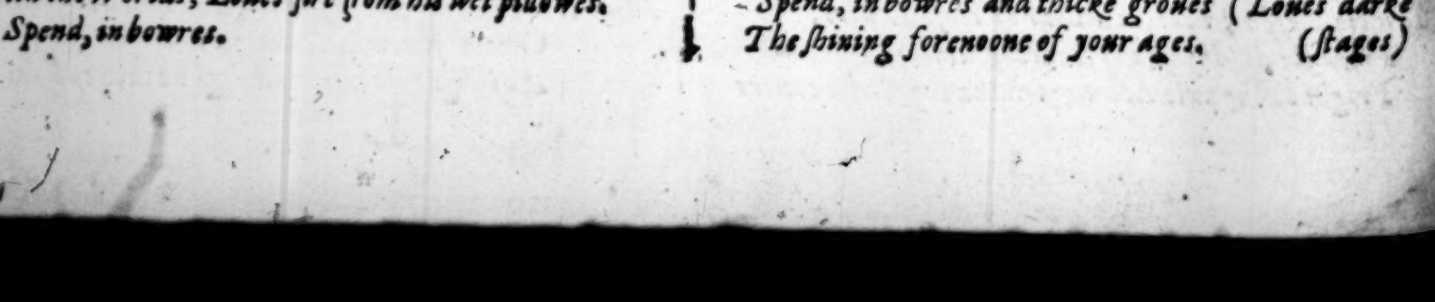
bowres and thicke groues (Loues darke stages) The shining forenoone of your ages: Spend, in bowres



and thicke groues (Loues darke stages) The shining forenoone of your ages:

Now the Teares gallant Season doth call you
To Loues Hall, goe! what euer befall you.
Earth from her Coat all Snow argent now teareth,
And, for it, Flowres or in a Field vert beareth.
Spend, in bowres.

Cantus of 5. Parts, XIX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



O your sports and delights, yee blith lasses! Catch gray Time by the beard as

hee passes: Catch gray Time by the beard as hee passes: Trust not his bald necke; t'will slip-of

your collers; And, by his euasion, you'll seeme ill Schollers. Spend, in bowres and thicke groues (Loues

darke stages) The shining forenoone of your ages. Spend, in bowres and thicke groues (Loues darke stages)

The shining forenoone of your ages.

Now the Yeares gallant Season doth call you
To loues Hall, goe! what euer befall you.
Earth from her Coat all Snow argent now teareth,
And, for it, Flowres or in a Field vert beareth.
Spend, in bowres.

Bugle-lac'd are the skirts of the Mountaines
With the fugitiue glasse of the Fountaines:
Morne, vrg'd by Enuie, braue Flora opposes,
And dares her to See her at Vying roses.
Spend, in bowres.

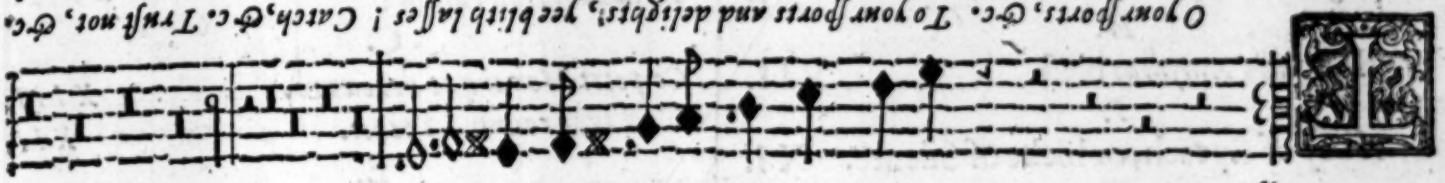
The faire Dayes, that the Spring now doth muster,
Serue to adde, to your youths, heat and luster.
New Phœbus, drench'd (but not quench'd) with Sea-billowes,
Brings, with the Worlds, Loues fire from his wet pillowes.
Spend, in bowres.

Wanton Brookes, reeling through flowrie Vallies.
Runne and catch and kisse their neighbour Allies:
Mild Zephyr whispers a loue-tale to Flora;
The Birds, of like subiect, talke to Aurora.
Spend, in bowres.

Bone-fires and Dances are each eies pleasure;
Winged feet to swift tunes beating measure:
Æolus opens his Eares to these wonders,
And shuts-in his Mouth from breathing of thunders.
Spend, in bowres.

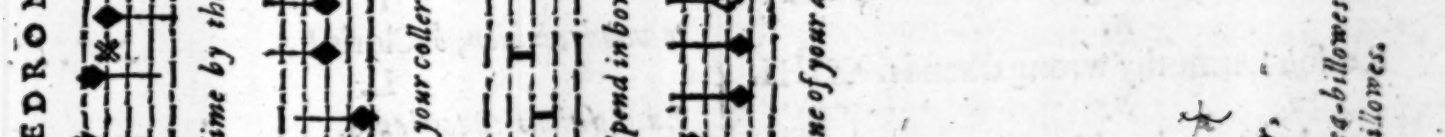
Natures whole armie, that gards Lifes banner,
By Loues Colours is made to looke wanner;
And sure that heart, that his hand makes not tremble,
Is dead, though the spirits may life resemble.
Spend, in bowres and thicke groues (Loues darke
The shining forenoone of your ages. (stages)

Tenor of 5. Parts. XIX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



O your sports, &c. To your sports, yee blith lasses; Catch, &c. Trust not, &c.

Spend, &c. Spend in bowres, Spend, in bowres and thicke groues (Loues darke stages) The shining



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And dares her to See her at Vying roses.
Spend, in bowres.

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And dares her to See her at Vying roses.
Spend, in bowres, &c.

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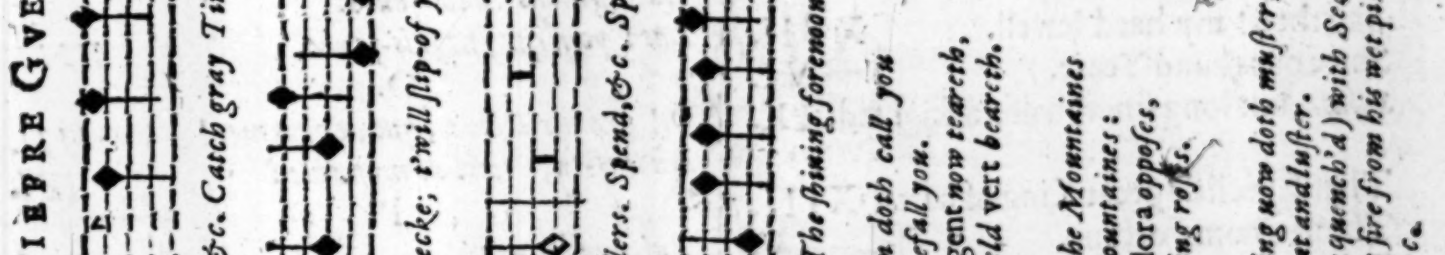
Bassus of 5. Parts. XIX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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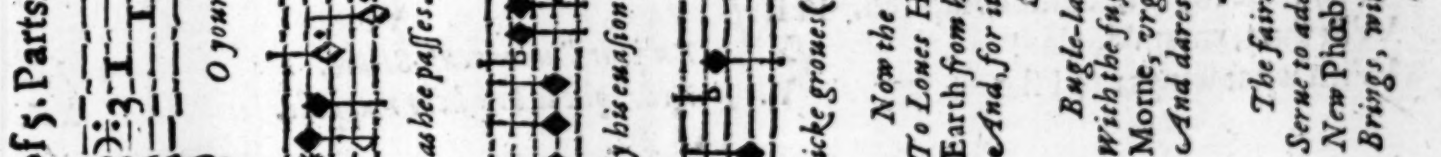

and thicke groues (Loues darke stages) The shining forenoone of your ages.

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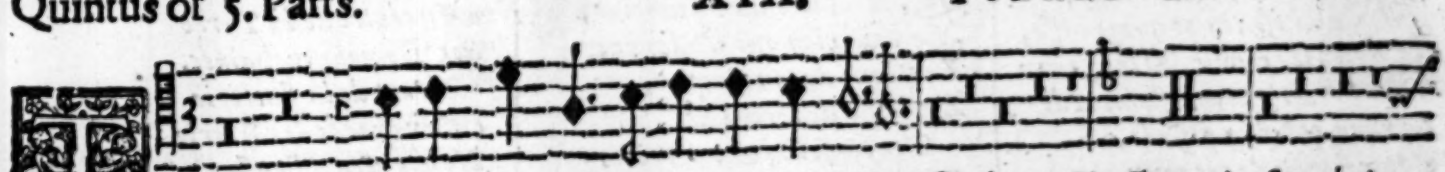
Brings, with the Worlds, Loues fire from his wet pillowes.
Spend, in bowres. &c.

Quintus of 5. Parts. XIX. PIERRE GVEDRON.



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Spend, in bowres.

The Engliſh Table of the Aires of this BOOKE.

A.

AT length, heere Shee is. II.

B.

Bright Abſtract of vs ſeauen. I.

H.

How was *Amyntas* bleſt. VII.

I.

If key of Speach, or locke of Silence. XI.

K.

Know, my deare Idoll *Cloris!* XVIII.

O.

O! what muſter of glances! IIII.

R.

Reaſon! arme thy wrong'd hands. XIIII.

S.

Say then! my hard Iewell. XVII.
Since our round Yeare. XVI.
Syluia, not long ſince, halfe-affrighted. IX.

T.

That ſame litle great King of harts. XIII.
Thou, whom Fortune. XV.
Too much wee range the waues. XII.
To your Sports and delights. XIX.

W.

What ſpell holds thee, my Sunne, from riſing? VI.
Why, alas! cry'd out my mother. VIII.
Why haue thy Thoughts conſpired. III.
Wilt thou, vntam'd, alas! X.
With what wings can I flie. V.

THE FRENCH TABLE of the ſame.

A.

ADorable Princeſſe. I.
Aux plaiſirs, aux delices Bergeres. XIX.
Arme toy, ma raiſon! XIIII.

C.

Ce petit Monarque des cœurs. XIII.
C'eſt trop courir les eaux. XII.

E.

Enfin, la voyci. II.

H.

He bien! ma rebelle. XVII.

I.

Ie voudrois bien, ô Cloris! XVIII.

L.

Las! fuiras-tu toujours. X.
Las! pourquoy ne ſuis-je née. VIII.

O.

O! grands Dieux, que de charmes! IIII.
Où luis-tu, Soleil de mon ame? VI.

P.

Puis que les ans. XVI.

Q.

Qu'Aminte fut heureux! VII.
Quel eſpoir de guarir. V.
Que n'eſtes vous laſſées. III.

S.

Si le parler & le ſilence. XI.

V.

Vn jour l'amoureuſe Siluie. IX.
Vous, que le bon heur r'appelle. XV.

The Originals of the Engliſh Ditties of this Booke.

ADorable Princeſſe,
Il eſt temps que je ceſſe,
De courir dãs les Cieux
Et que ma flame cede
Le rang qu'elle y poſſede,
Aux flames de tes yeux.
O Beauté ſans exemple,
Où nature contemple
Son pouuoir nompareil:
Depuis l'heure premiere
Que je vis ta lumiere,
Ie ne ſuis plus Soleil.
Ton œil qui me ſurmonte,
Me donne tant de honte
Lors que je fais mon cours,
Que pleuſt à la fortune
Que les flots de Neptune
Me nourriſſent toujours.
Ma courſe vagabonde
En quel que part du monde
Qu'elle éclaire aux humains,
Ne void rien qui n'admire,
En l'heur de ton Empire,
L'adreſſe de tes mains.
Tes conſeils, & tes veilles
Ont par tant de merueilles
Ses malheurs abatus,
Que les chanſons des Anges
N'auront pas des louanges
Dignes de tes vertus.
Ta prudence a des charmes
Qui font tomber les armes
Des mains des plus grands Roys,
Et mettent dans les bouches
Des gens les plus farouches
La gloire de tes loix.
Tu fais voir à cét âge
De la Seine & du Tage
Les diſcors terminés,
Et montres à la Guerre
Au centre de la Terre
Ses Demons enchainés.
L'art de la flatterie
Aux graces de Marie
Ne pût rien adjouſter:
Sa gloire s'eſt hauſſée
Où l'humaine penſée
Taſche en vain de monter.
O Dieux! en qui la France
A logé l'eſperance
De ſa felicité,
Iamais voſtre largeſſe
Ne mit tant de ſageſſe
Auec tant de beauté.
Facent vos deſtinées
Que le cours des années
Qui ne pardonne à rien,
A ce parfait viſage
N'oſte point l'auantage
Qu'il a deſſus le mien.

II.

EN fin la voyci, nous voyons ces beaux yeux,
L'amour de la Terre & des Cieux :
Dont noſtre Mars, en ſon choix bien-heureux,
Eſt ſi fort amoureux.
Le Ciel n'a jamais joint à tant de beauté
Vne ſi douce Majeſté,
Qui dans les cœurs inſpire tour à tour
Le reſpect & l'amour.
En fin les voyci, nos vœux ſont accomplis,
Nos eſprits d'aiſes remplis.
Puiſſe en tous deux par vn heureux deſtin
Viure vn amour ſans fin,

III.

QVe n'eſtes vous laſſées
Mes triſtes penſées
De troubler ma raiſon ?
Et faire auecque blâme
Rebeller mon ame
Contre ſa guariſon.
Que ne ceſſent mes larmes
Inutiles armes,
Et que n'oſte des Cieux
La fatalle ordonnance
A ma ſouuenance,
Ce qu'elle oſte à mes yeux ?
O beauté nompareille !
Ma chere merueille,
Que le rigoureux ſort
Dont vous m'eſtes rauie
Aymeroit ma vie
S'il m'ennoyoit la mort.
Quelle pointe de rage
Ne ſent mon courage
De voir que le danger
En vos ans les plus tendres
Menaſſe vos cendres
D'vn cercueil eſtranger.
Ie m'impoſe ſilence
En la violence
Que me fait ce malheur :
Mais j'acrois mon martire,
Et n'oſerrien dire
M'eſt douleur ſur douleur.
Auſſi ſuis-je vn ſquellette,
Et la violettte,
Qu'vn froid hors de ſaiſon
Et le ſec a fleſtrie,
A ma peau meurtrie
Eſt la comparaiſon.
Dieux ! que les deſtinées
Les plus obſtinées
Tournent de mal en bien !
Apres tant de tempeſtes,
Mes juſtes requeſtes
N'obtiendront elles rien ?
Auës-vous en les tiltres
D'abſolus arbitres
De l'eſtat des mortels,
Pour eſtre inexorables
Quand les miſerables
Implorent vos authels ?
Mon ſoin n'eſt point de faire
En l'autre Emiſphere
Voir mes actes guerriers,
Et juſqu'au bord de l'onde
Ou finit le monde,
Aquerir des lauriers.
Deux beaux yeux ſous l'empire
Pour qui je ſoupire,
Sans eux rien ne m'eſt doux :
Donnés moy certe joye
Que je les renoye,
Ie ſuis dieu comme vous.

IIII.

O ! Grands dieux que de charmes,
Amoureuſes armes,
De feux & de dards.
Que d'aſtres propices,
Que de delices,
Et doux regards.
Donc pour nous mieux conduire
Le Ciel fait reluire
Des feux nompareils:
Et nos pas timides
Ont pour leurs guides
Deux grands ſoleils.
Quittons la pourmenade,
Cette ſerénade,
Et nos Luths charmants :
La nuit ſolitaire
Se rend trop claire,
Pour des amants.
Puis la rare merueille,
Cauſe nompareille
De tous nos ſouhaits,
Commence à paroiſtre
A la feneſtre
De ſon Palais.
Beautés, par qui les ames
Ont de viues flames,
Bruſlant nuit & jour :
Fauoriſés belle
L'offre nouuelle
De noſtre amour.

V

QVel eſpoir de guarir
Puis-je auoir ſans mourir,
D'vn amoureux martire,
Que je puis bien ſouffrir, mais que je n'oſe dire ?
Quel moyen de celer,
Et mourir ſans parler
D'vn amoureux martire,
Que je puis bien ſouffrir, mais que je n'oſe dire ?
Si la mort ſeulement
Peut guarir mon tourment,
Et l'amoureux martire
Que je puis bien ſouffrir, mais que je n'oſe dire.
Toute-fois il le faut,
Le ſubjet eſt trop haut
De mon cruel martire
Qui m'apprend à ſouffrir, mais non pas à le dire.

VI.

OV luis-tu Soleil de mon ame ?
Où luis-tu flambeau de mes yeux ?
Oublieras tu toujours les cieux ?
Et au ſein de Thetis ta flame ?
Or que mon beau Soleil ne luit,
Le jour ne m'eſt plus qu'vne nuit.
Sortez donc mon Phebus de l'onde,
Et me redonnez vn beau jour :
Sans vous ma vie & mon amour
Ne peut voir, ni viure en ce monde.
Or que mon

Qui eſt celuy là qui n'eſpere
De voir quand le Soleil nous luit,
Que moy qui demeure en la nuit,
Abſent du beau jour qui m'eſclaire?
Or que mon.
C'eſt donc vous, agreable veuë,
Qui me faict ſemblable au ſoucy:
Quand je vous voy je veis auſſi,
Abſent voſtre abſence me tue.
Or que mon.
Reuenez donc lumiere ſaincte,
Voſtre œil me promet vn eſté:
Sans vous je me ſens tourmenté
D'vn yuer d'ennuis, & de crainte.
Or que mon.

VII.

QV'Aminte fut heureux,
Dont la mort feinte
Sceut d'un trait amoureux
Donner atteinte
Au cœur où la pitié ſembloit eſteinte!
Alors qu'il ſoupireit
Preſque ſans vie,
Et que ſon cœur mouroit
Pour ſa Siluie,
Son amour de malheur eſtoit ſuiuie.
Son amour, ſes douleurs,
Ses cris, ſes peines:
Ses ſoupirs & ſes pleurs,
Sa foy certaine,
Ne ſçeurent onc flechir ceſte inhumaine.
Mais ſa mort feinte vn jour,
Mort ſalutaire:
Faiſant ce que l'Amour
N'auoit peu faire,
Bleſſa d'vn trait d'Amour ſon aduerſaire.
Que n'eſt helas mon ſort
Au ſien ſemblable?
Pourquoy rend il ma mort
Plus veritable,
Et vous, belle toujours, moins pitoyable?

VIII.

LAs! pourquoy ne ſuis-je née,
Que pour ſouffrir mile & mile tourments,
Et pour me voir abandonnée
De tous contentements?
Mes yeux vont verſant des larmes,
Cruel remede aux moyennes douleurs:
Mais à quoy ſont bonnes ces armes
Qu'à de communs malheurs?
Ma peine eſt ſi deſplorable
Que je ne puis eſperer nul ſecours
Si non par la fin miſerable
De mes malheureux jours.
Vne ſoupçonneuſe enuie
De mon ſang meſme incitant la rigueur,
Le rend ennemi de ma vie,
Et de mes maux l'autheur.
Vous riches dons de nature,
Dont mes beaux ans du Ciel ſont honorés,
Serés vous du mal que j'endure
Et du temps deuorés?
Que me ſert-il d'eſtre belle,
Que mile amans me viennent rechercher:
S'il faut que moy-meſme, cruelle,
Ie feigne eſtre vn rocher?
Bien qu'Amour dedans mon ame
De mon Philandre ayt grande la vertu:
Mon cœur en recelle la flame
Par la crainte abbatu.
Que me ſert donc la victoire
Que mes beautés obtiennent ſur ſon cœur,
Si la crainte en oſte la gloire
A mon œil ſon vainqueur?
Ce ſeul bien me reconforte,
C'eſt qu'il ne peut, ny ne doit ignorer,
L'affection que je luy porte,
Qu'on ne peut meſurer.
Ie ſçay qu'vn amour extreſme
Pour moy le rend ardamment allumé,
Et que fidellement il m'ayme,
Comme il eſt bien aymé.
Mais de nos ames bleſſées
Les ſeuls regards ſont les doux aliments:
Regards meſſagers des penſées
Des fidelles amans.
Vous qui lirés cette plainte
Que la douleur de mon cœur va tirant:
Plaignés, non l'amour, mais la crainte
Qui me va martirant.

IX.

VN jour l'amoureuſe Siluie
Diſoit, baiſe moy je te prie,
Au berger qui ſeul eſt ſa vie
Et ſon amour,
Baiſe moy Paſteur je te prie,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
Regarde la naiſſante Aurore,
Baiſe moy Paſteur que j'adore,
Qui veut que je te prie encore
Par noſtre amour:
Baiſe moy Paſteur que j'adore,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
Ma crainte hors d'ici t'appelle,
Baiſe moy Paſteur ce dit-elle,
O dieux! dit-il, quelle nouuelle
Pour tant d'amour:
Baiſe moy Paſteur ce dit-elle,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
De cela Paſteur ne me blâme,
Baiſe moy pluſtoſt ma chere ame,
Le ſecret entretient la flame
D'vn bel amour:
Baiſe moy doncques ma chere ame,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
Ha! que dis-tu, chere Siluie?
Baiſe moy Paſteur je te prie,
Le Soleil porte donc enuie
A noſtre Amour?
Baiſe moy Paſteur je te prie,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
Sa clairté qu'on trouue ſi belle,
Baiſe moy Paſteur ce dit-elle,
Se rend importune & cruelle
A noſtre Amour:
Baiſe moy Paſteur ce dit-elle,
Et te leue, car il eſt jour.
Mais puis qu'il faut que je te laiſſe
Baiſe moy ma chere déeſſe,
Soulage l'ennuy qui m'oppreſſe
Par trop d'amour:
Baiſe moy ma chere déeſſe,
Et puis adieu, car il eſt jour,

X.

Las! fuiras-tu toujours de peur d'ouir mes plaintes,
Et de voir ma langueur?
Crains-tu que la pitié de ces douces attaintes
Ne blesse ta rigueur?
Arreste, arreste, Amaranthe, tu fuis,
Tu fuis, & me laisse en fuiant mile ennuis.
Comme de voir tes yeux sans adorer leurs charmes
Est vne impieté:
Craindre comme tu fais de la pitié les armes
Est vne cruauté,
Arreste.
Non, ce n'est point l'espoir que tu sois moins cruelle
En voyant mon tourment,
Qui fait qu'en soupirant Amaranthe j'appelle,
Criant incessamment,
Arreste.
Te dire seulement que mon ame t'adore
Est ce que je requiers,
Tu peux me l'accorder, & conseruer encore
Tes desdains tous entiers.
Arreste.

XI.

SI le parler & le silence
Nuit à nostre heur également,
Parlons donc ma chere esperance
Du cœur & des yeux seulement:
Amour ce petit dieu volage
Nous aprend ce muet langage.
Que le regard vole & reuole
Messager de nos passions,
Et serue au lieu de la parole
Pour dire nos intentions.
Amour.
Mais si quelque ame est offencée
De nous voir discourir des yeux,
Nous parlerons de la pensée
Comme les Anges dans les cieux.
Amour.
Ainsi par vn doux artifice
Nous tromperons les courtisans,
Et nous rirons de la malice
De mile facheux mesdisans,
Qui n'en sçauront pas d'aduantage,
Ignorant ce muet langage.

XII.

C'Est trop courir les eaux,
Sortons de ces roseaux,
Et cherchons desormais Pallas en ces beaux lieux
Puis qu'entre les vertus on doit chercher les Dieux.
Voyci les bois sacrés
Tant de fois desirés
Et ces Astres diuins brillans sur cette Cour,
Tesmoignent que nostre heur doit estre en ce sejour.
Allons donc, approchons
Les yeux que nous cherchons:
Tant plus nous differons d'aborder leurs beautés,
Tant plus nous tesmoignons d'ignorer leurs bontés.
Grands soleils des François,
Dont les prudentes Loix
Font respirer les cœurs sous vn regne si doux,
Dittes-nous si Minerue est point aupres de vous?
Vous aués le pouuoir
De nous la faire voir,
Et trouuans la Valeur & la Prudence icy,
Auec grande raison nous l'y cherchons aussi.

XIII.

CE petit Monarque des cœurs,
Glorieux de voir arrestées
Sous le joug de ses traits vainqueurs,
Les puissances plus redoutées.
Voulut essayer si la mort
Flechiroit point sous son effort.
En vain son pouuoir irrité
Descocboit mile & mile flesches
Sur ce cœur dont la dureté
N'estoit pas capable de breschés,
Non plus que les flots d'entamer
Vn roc au milieu de la mer.
En fin honteux que tous les Dieux
Fussent tesmoins de sa deffaite,
Il se cacha dedans tes yeux,
Mon Damon, funeste retraite.
Qu'il est dangereux de loger
Vn Amour qui se veut vanger.

XIV.

ARme toy, ma raison,
Pour combattre la flavie,
Qui veut hors de saison
Tiranniser mon ame,
Si ton pouuoir diuin ne me vient secourir,
Vn bel œil me fera mourir.
Mes yeux que mon tourment
A changés en fontaines,
Tesmoignent clairement
La grandeur de mes peines.
Et que, si ton pouuoir ne me vient secourir,
Vn bel œil me fera mourir.
Ie souffre tant de maux.
En l'amoureux seruage,
Que si les animaux
Parloyent nostre langage,
Ils viendroyent à mes cris de pitié requerir
Le bel œil qui me fait mourir.
Vous, de ma triste voix
Le rendés-vous aymable,
Dites rochers & bois
S'il est pas veritable
Qu'à faute que le Ciel me vienne secourir
Vn bel œil me fera mourir?

XV.

VOus, que le bon heur r'appelle
A vn seruage antien,
Mourrez aux pieds de la belle
Qui vous daigne faire sien.
Glorieux en vostre perte
Honorez vostre vainqueur,
Qui vous a la porte ouverte
De la prison de son cœur.
Heureux venez vous donc rendre
A celle qui vous à pris,
C'est honneur de se veoir prendre
A qui tient tout à mépris.
Ainsi vostre ame repriſe
Finit toute liberté:
Glorieuse est l'entrepriſe
Qui guide à l'eternité.
Cet œil r'abaissant sa gloire
Vous à blessé de ses traits,
Affin que de sa victoire
Vous vous honoriez apres.

Bien

De l'oubly & de la mort.
Et bouche à bouche brane adoucissaire
Heure vostre vie fuit,
Heureux qui en mourant peut faire
Que son cœur ne meure pas,

XVI.

Voyez que les ans n'ont qu'vn printemps,
Passez amans doucement vostre temps :
Vos jours s'en vont & n'ont point de retour ;
Employez les aux delices d'Amour.

XVII.

HE ! bien marebelle,
Marebelle he bien,
Mon amour fidelle
N'obtiendra-il rien ?
Languiray-je toujours pour l'amour de toy belle ?
Languiray-je toujours
Sans espoir de secours ?
Tu sçays que mon ame
N'adore que toy,
Que nulle autre dame
N'a pouvoir sur moy.
Languiray-je toujours beauté que je reclame ?
Langui.
Quoy ? donc la souffrance
De tant de douleurs
Pour sa recompence
N'aura que des pleurs ?
Languiray-je toujours sans aucune esperance ?
Langui.
Tant de sacrifices
De mon cœur rendus,
Et tant de services
Seront-ils perdus ?
Languiray-je toujours parmy tant de supplices ?
Langui.
Ton œil qui m'enflame
Causant ma langueur,
Crains-tu point qu'on blame
De longue rigueur ?
Languiray-je toujours pour t'aymer ma chere ame ?
Langui.
Tant plus je t'appelle
Et moins tu m'entends,
C'est estre cruelle
Trop & trop long temps.
Languiray-je toujours pour l'amour de ta belle ?
Languiray-je toujours
Sans espoir de secours ?

XVIII.

IE voudrois bien, ô Cloris, que j'adore,
Entre vos bras faire plus long sejour :
Pourquoy si tost importune couvreux
Viens tu troubler l'aise de nos esprits ?
Arreste toy, retarde ta lumiere,
Suffit-il pas des beaux yeux qui m'ont pris
Adieu Cloris.
O douce nuit de qui les voiles sombres
Sont desployés en faveur des amants,
Ou t'enfuis-tu, sçays-tu pas que tes ombres
Donnent la vie à nos contentements ?
Adieu Cloris.
Jusques à quand ô Dieux ! que j'importune,
Le jour naissant mes plaisirs destruira,
Et les effets de ma bonne fortune
S'enfuiront-ils quand la nuit s'enfuira ?
Adieu Cloris, il est temps que je meure,
La nuit s'en va & l'ennuit me demeure.

XIX.

AVx plaisirs, aux delices Bergeres,
Il faut estre du temps ménageres :
Car il s'escoule & se perd d'heure en heure,
Et le regret seulement en demeure.
A l'amour, au plaisir, au bocage,
Employés les beaux jours de vostre âge.
Maintenant la saison vous convie
De passer en aymant vostre vie :
Des-ja la Terre à pris sa robe verte,
D'herbe & de fleurs la campagne est couverte.
A l'amour.
Le cristal fugitif des fontaines
Va bordant les chemins & les plaines :
L'Aurore espend au Ciel autant de roses
Qu'elle en descouure en la terre d'escloses.
A l'amour.
Du Printemps les plus belles journées
Semblent estre aux amours destinées :
Le Soleil vient, & r'apporte de l'onde
Le feu d'Amour, auec celuy du monde.
A l'amour.
Les ruisseaux vont aux plaines flestries
Cajolant & baisant les prairies :
Le doux Zephir parle d'amour à Flore,
Et les Oiseaux en parlent à l'Aurore.
A l'amour.
On ne void que des feux & des dances,
On n'entend que chansons & cadances,
Et le vent mesme escoutant ces merueilles,
Ferme la bouche, & non pas les oreilles.
A l'amour.
Ce qui vit, qui se meurt, qui respire,
D'amour parle, ou murmure, ou soupire :
Aussi le cœur qui n'en sent la poincture
S'il est viuant, il est contre nature.
A l'amour, au plaisir, au bocage,
Employés les beaux jours de vostre âge.

FINIS.